

PART 444.

THE

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## LEISURE

## HOUR



DECEMBER, 1888.

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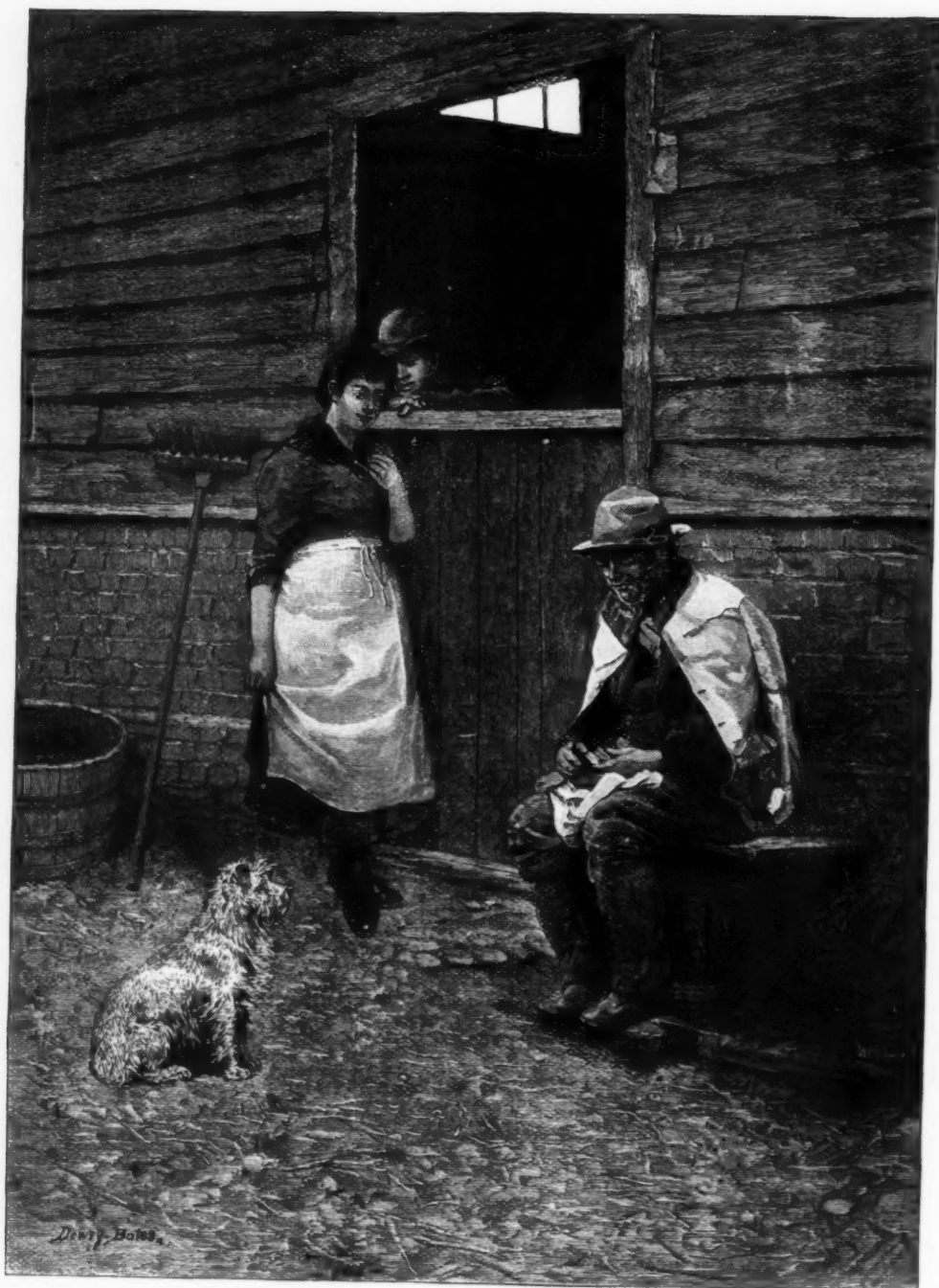
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## GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES, ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—ENTER MY LADY.



A MESSENGER FROM PARIS.

**B**EFORE she had put this resolve into execution, however, there came news that stirred and excited all the inhabitants of the pension more or less; the news, namely, of Letitia's speedy arrival in Paris.

"We have been travelling ever since we were married," she wrote; "and now we are in London, that Harry may look after his affairs and take his position. He is deep in business, and very stupid

company, as I tell him. I am not wanted—poor little me! What do I know of business? So I am coming to you. Tell Madame that she must be very good to me; I will have the bedroom on the first floor, looking towards the boulevard, that used to be the envy of my girlhood," etc., etc.

So the letter ran on. Its perfectly naïve selfishness might have amused a cynic, but it cut Judith to the heart. She hung back when the carriage

arrived bearing Letty and all her trunks and bandboxes. The boarding-house turned out to do her honour; even her mother, who so rarely left her sofa, went downstairs to greet young Lady Severn. Letty had made a grand success, and everybody was ready to applaud and envy her.

Judith was not one of the crowd at the door; she remained upstairs; her heart was beating tumultuously, and she had difficulty in stilling her trembling hands; she clasped them tight one in the other, and stood with a red spot burning on either cheek.

Letty's heart—a much better regulated organ—did not heave at all under her neat little bodice, but her eyes were quick to spy her sister's absence.

"Where is Judy?" she demanded. "Judy! Judy!" she called out, in her light clear treble. She tripped upstairs and ran into the room.

"Here you are," she exclaimed; "were you hiding from me? Why do you look so glum? Haven't you even a kiss for your poor twin? Don't you know, you foolish girl, you ought to thank me on your knees as your deliverer?"

If family peace is to be maintained, love must now and then swallow some bitter disappointments, and digest them as best it may. Judith hung her head and took the bitter pill. She hid the pain, she buried it deep in her heart, and forbade it so much as to ache.

Letty was her deliverer. Letty had been wise enough to step in and take that which her sister did not prize. There was but one opinion in the boarding-house; it gave all the applause to Letty, and it pronounced Judith, in politer phrase, a fool.

Letty enjoyed the general approbation to the full. She was very good-natured; she jested and laughed with the men, and turned out all her frocks and jewels for the inspection of the ladies.

"We are in mourning for poor, dear little Teddy, by whose sad death my Harry comes to be the baronet," she explained; "so I haven't anything fit to show you. Our poor little cousin's death was a terrible shock; we never dreamed of such a thing; we had made up our minds we should be dreadfully poor, and Harry had determined to begin to write again."

Perhaps they believed in the genuineness of her regret, more likely they did not; but, at any rate, whatever she had meant to be, she was rich now, and rich people are always nice, so the ladies said, when they went shopping with her and she made them charming little presents, and invited them to choose what they would for luncheon.

She was free with her money; she was always gay and cheerful, and did not look grave, as her sister did, over a little pleasantry. She became immediately a favourite with all the household, from the scullery-maid in the kitchen to the oldest of the boarders, and her little triumph was but a foreshadowing of her larger success when she went to live at the family place at home.

Miss O'Reilly's judgment was at fault in one respect; Letty made a better great lady than Judith would have done; she was at home with all classes and conditions, and had a tact, a smart-

ness, a quickness of perception, that succeed far better than sincerity.

As to her excellence as a wife, Harry, no doubt, could have best decided that point. Once, in after years, when he and Winter had met again, he gave a hint of the whole position.

"The men of our family were always weak and yielding," he said; "the stamina is absorbed by the female side. My father and my uncles died off under Granny's vigorous rule—even poor little Ted was not destined to stand up against it. I know my rôle, you see, and submit very meekly to petticoat government."

In his darker moods he took a melancholy and satirical view of himself and the muddle he had made of life, but on the whole he was philosophic enough to accept his lot with languid equanimity. If Letty was not all he had once pictured her, she was for the most part a gay and good-natured companion, and she did not make any claims on him that he could not meet. The world pronounced them a perfectly well-mated and happy pair, and the world's judgment is, after all, worth something.

Judith would have stood aloof from all the fuss and flutter that surrounded the little lady, but Letty was not minded to have even one deserter from her camp.

"When are you going back to Richmond?" she asked, one day.

"I am not going back?"

"Isn't that a foolish decision, dear?"

"Perhaps," said Judith, with a cold acquiescence; "but it is my decision."

"Somebody will make you alter it, or I'm much mistaken," said Letty, archly. "You had much better go back; this is no place for you. Miss O'Reilly is quite right; I don't mind it; I find it extremely amusing indeed, but it can't hurt me. I'm married and done for. But with you it is another affair. You ought to go back."

"I'm going away, but not to England," said Judith, the unbidden tears suddenly starting. "No one appears to want me; I am free to choose work for myself, and—"

"Somebody wants you, and you know that as well as I do. For a person who makes such a fuss about truthfulness, I think you are not quite candid, Judith. You persist in looking coldly at me because I married Harry; it was a true kindness to you, though I don't pretend that that was my only motive in doing it. I am honest, you see; you never cared for him. If I had not known that your heart was given to some one else, do you think—"

"You have no right to say that," Judith interrupted her, a sudden anger blazing in her eyes, and drying her tears. "You have no right—"

"Perhaps not," said Letty, calmly; "but that doesn't alter the truth. You are very proud, Judy, and I'm afraid you are a little selfish too. You might do so much for Harry and me, but you think we have sinned unpardonably, and you won't put out a finger to help us."

"Haven't you got everything—even yet?"



"No, I haven't; I want to be reconciled to Granny."

"I shouldn't have thought you coveted her love!"

Judith could not forbear this sting.

"Neither I do," said Letty, laughing. "It would be a most uncomfortable possession; but I want her countenance—her patronage, if you like. It will make a great difference to us in the county to have her for a friend rather than a foe. Harry and I might go all the way from London to Richmond on our knees and she would shut the door in our faces; reams of penitence would not move her," said Letty, plaintively, "no one has any influence over her except you. If you chose to plead with her she would listen."

"You ask a great deal."

"I ask nothing that would not be for your good," said little Lady Severn, briskly, foreseeing a victory. "You can't stay here, and it is quite absurd to talk of going out as a governess; nobody would have you in that capacity, my dear, you are too good-looking. You had best go home and marry Lawrence Winter; Granny likes him, and, though he is dull, he is an excellent match. A wedding after her heart would put Granny in a good-humour, and we two naughty children should be forgiven and admitted to the family circle once more."

"So I am to marry Lawrence Winter to secure your comfort in the county?" said Judith, looking at her sister with a calm scorn that would not be veiled.

Letty looked up a little frightened at the tone. Perhaps she had counted on victory too soon. Judith did not look much like a willing mediator as she swept from the room; but then she was always queer, and you did not know how to take her. She would come to see things from a right point of view in time—the right point being, of course, the angle from which Letty looked at her world. Harry was "queer" too; he would not come to Paris for very shame at facing Judith—as if he had done her any wrong! And there were actually times when he accused himself of being Teddy's murderer! He had clouded the honeymoon delights with his bitter self-regrets, and he refused to take any happiness out of the honours that were bought at such a price.

Letty had no comprehension for this state of mind; she was very truly sorry for the boy's death, but she was also thankful that fate had made her own path in life so easy.

Deliverance from this new bitterness of disappointment came to Judith once again in the shape of a letter—only a couple of skaky lines in a fine Italian slope, but her eyes filled as she read them:

"I am a lonely old woman; won't you come back to me?"

Somehow or other she first imparted the news to Miss O'Reilly rather than to her mother and sister. "Grandmother wants me to go back," she said.

"And a very good thing too. Mrs. Owen crosses to London to-night to see her dentist—as

if French skill wasn't good enough for her old teeth!—and you can go with her. She is a goose, and you will have to do everything for yourself and her too; but she is a married woman, and that is all that is required of her. Your grandmother would take my head off if I sent you alone!"

"But," protested Judith, "I promised Mrs. Carter—"

"I'll settle with Mrs. Carter," said the determined woman. "Go and fold your gowns, and I'll make them get you something to eat."

Letty came to assist by looking on at this second packing. She forgave Judith's sarcastic speeches, and was full of all they should do together when they met in England.

"And you won't forget?" she said, archly, when Judith kissed her good-bye.

"What am I to remember?"

"You won't forget to give Granny my love, and tell her I am longing to see her."

"Would that be true?"

"Absolutely true, my dear. I thought I had proved conclusively the importance of having her on our side."

"I am afraid you never will."

"Oh, I don't despair, and I feel that our cause is safe in your hands," said Letty, with an audacity that was almost sublime. "Mr. Winter wouldn't appreciate a message from me, and so I won't waste one on him; and, besides, after all you may not see him."

Her face was very demure, and she was quite innocently unconscious of Judith's blushes.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

AFFAIRS that he deemed to be of some urgency had called Winter away from Richmond immediately after Teddy's funeral, and they held him bound during what was left of the summer.

He had followed the little lad to his grave and had gone away from the mourning house not to re-enter it. Judith and he, who had shared a sorrowful watch, had parted without a word when they turned away together from Teddy's last sleeping-place. He was needed no more, and nothing that he could say or do had any power to assuage the terrible grief and anger of the old woman whose last hopes had gone down to the dust before her. His presence would but have added to her anger, as did Judith's; perhaps the saddest part of her sorrow was the isolation with which she chose to hedge it.

When he got back to the Moat he wrote to Judith urging her to send for him if by any chance he could serve her or her grandmother. He chose deliberately to ignore Harry's claims, he frowned them away while he wrote. He produced once more for his own satisfaction that fiction of his guardianship which allowed him some licence—he was at least an older friend than Harry; that plea none could dispute.

"No business, however urgent, will deter me

from coming the moment you see a chance of my usefulness," he wrote, "and I trust to you to let me know whenever that chance comes."

Judith did not reply to this letter, and it was left to him to draw the unpleasant inference that she recognised Harry's superior rights, if he did not.

The sharp edge of this reflection, however, was somewhat blunted since his work absorbed his whole time and attention, and left him no room to dwell on affronts. The special bit of business that had summoned him home brought other claims in its train. Even in those halcyon days when tenants very imperfectly understood the art of tormenting, a man could not be a lahdowner without taking on him certain responsibilities. Winter had neglected his so long that now that he was minded to shoulder them again he naturally enough suffered a retributive justice at their hands.

When it came to be a question of drainage, of the repair of farm-buildings, of the cutting of timber, he found an enemy full-armed in the bailiff, who had hitherto managed the estate, and, if the truth were known, had managed Winter also. Winter, however, did not intend to be any longer managed, and therein lay a great surprise for the excellent Wilkins, whose days of ascendancy were over.

Squire had come back another man from the supine and bored victim of a month or two ago. He no longer yawned over the accounts. He examined them with very free criticism of their details; he poked and he pried; he rode and walked indefatigably, nothing escaped his keen eye; above all he had developed ideas—new ideas—afflicting to a bailiff of the old pattern, who is the most consistent conservative in the world, and counts radicalism among the deadly sins.

The new energy which made Wilkins's days a burden to him was to Winter a safety-valve. He had learned rather too late in the day that there was one person in the world whom he could have loved, whom he did love. He no longer denied his longing for Judith's companionship, but he was sensible enough to know that he could not have it. She was destined for somebody else, and the sooner he conquered his envy the better. Therefore he fought with his love and buffeted it; he took it out in combat with Wilkins, who had a tough hide and a native obstinacy that at least equalled his master's. The restless activity that had hitherto sent Winter wandering over the face of the earth now found vent in the supervision of his affairs at home, and these he attacked with what to the aggrieved bailiff appeared to be a quite irrational vindictiveness.

While he was thus, with his habitual decision, facing his trouble and conquering it, things were happening at Richmond which might relieve him from the necessity of self-restraint. It was some little time before he heard of the march Letty had stolen on her sister, but when he did hear, it was Lady Severn who was his informant.

After her first burst of rage, this lively old lady's deepest need became a listening ear—a patient

somebody at whom she could hurl her denunciations. There was no satisfaction in pouring one's passion into the trumpet at the other end of which one met nothing but old Mr. Munn's bewildered vacancy, and as for Farthing, she was even less desirable as a confidant.

"You are a poor creature, Farthing," said her mistress with more than her usual frankness; "you have got no feelings; you think a woman's will is made to be mastered—what is the use of talking to you?"

Farthing had at least feeling enough to know that she was being trodden on, but she was wonderfully patient in those days, and often enough reined in a sharp reply.

When old Lady Severn bethought her of Winter she forgave him sufficiently to write him an extremely intemperate letter, in which she spared him no detail of the conspiracy between her grandchildren, by means of which Letty had carried off the prize. Letty, it is needless to say, was to be annihilated—swept from her grandmother's memory, but Judith, also, it would appear, was not to be forgiven.

Winter read the letter with a brisk strife of feelings, and, perhaps, with less disgust for Letty's diplomacy than he ought in decency to have felt. In the end of it, the old lady commanded him to come to her at once and share her grievances; he would have humoured her if he could, but for very shame he could not turn his back on the work of regeneration he had begun with such unexampled vigour and severity. He wrote, excusing himself for a little while, and putting all the sympathy he could command into his phrases. Perhaps if he had been summoned to Paris he would have found time to obey the mandate, but there was unbroken silence in that quarter.

Well, he could wait; now that there was hope at the end of the vista, waiting seemed easy enough; before very long he should be free from his self-imposed obligations, and the first hour of his liberty would find him scudding across the Channel.

Wilkins had rather a better time of it after this, and he, naturally enough, put his master's milder mood down to the influence of his own wisdom. When a man has been twenty years on the same bit of land, it stands to reason he should know more about it than the owner who has scarcely looked upon it in the same space of time.

In Paris, however, there was, all unknown to him, some one working for Winter's cause.

A few days before Judith had that recall in which great-grandmamma made surrender, and while as yet she was in sad perplexity as to her future course, Miss O'Brien was surprised by an evening visitor, who was none other than Sebastian Holly.

Mrs. Severn had been put to bed, a fate that sometimes befell her at an early hour if the companion happened to have something she wished to do; little Lady Severn, who was the heroine of the day, had gone with a privileged selection of the boarders to the theatre; Judith was invisible,

and might safely be considered to be entertaining her troubles in the seclusion of her own room.

Miss O'Brien's occupation for the moment happened to be the repair of her wardrobe, and she looked up from this absorbing task to find the young stranger of the attic standing bashfully at the door, which her "come in" had allowed him to open.

"You?" she said, with some surprise. "Did you want to see Mrs. Severn? If you did, you can't. She went to bed an hour ago or more."

"No," said Holly, with timid hesitation, "I wanted to see you."

"Dear me!" said Miss O'Brien, regarding the young man with good-humoured astonishment. "Well, don't stand there—come in and shut the door. I don't want all the world to know that I'm turning my black silk. You may sit down if you like, and I'll go on with my work."

She cleared a chair with a vigorous sweep of the arm, that sent the shining breadths of silk fluttering to the floor.

"Now, what is it?" she asked, when she had given him two or three minutes to recover from the audacity of his entrance. "If you want me to darn your stockings or mend your gloves, I'll do it; but you'll have to wait till I finish my gown."

The mere supposition that he could have come on such an errand deprived Holly of breath, and quite another minute ticked itself away before he stammered,

"I—I want you to give me the address of the gentleman who came in the spring to take Miss Severn to London."

"Lawrence Winter's address?" Miss O'Brien dropped her needle, and stared at her visitor. "What do you want it for?"

At this blunt question his distress was so evidently increased, that, with a careless good-humour, she talked on to give him confidence.

"I know his address well enough, and himself too, though I don't suppose he remembers me. But I'm not going to give it you till I know what use you intend to make of it. Suppose you were to take a fancy to put a bullet into him, a nice mess you'd get me into!" She laughed at her own jest.

But the very horror of the suggestion loosed Holly's tongue.

"I want to speak to him," he said.

Miss O'Brien regarded him with a fixed scrutiny, under which he hung his head. She had a naturally quick perception, and her contact with all sorts and conditions of men had kept it in constant practice. She lit with some shrewdness on his motive.

"You mean to speak to him about Miss Severn?"

"Yes." The monosyllable was dragged from him reluctantly.

"Upon my word," she said, with easy admiration, "I do believe you're a good creature! And I don't know but what you've hit on the best thing to do. Now I come to think of it, I don't believe Mr. Winter has an idea that she's here; I know she hasn't written to him. She has pride

enough to make her keep silence about her difference with the old lady—"

"She is unhappy," murmured Holly.

"She is in the wrong place," said Miss O'Brien, briskly. "I've been at my wits' end to get her away from here, and to think that you should be the one to think of her guardian!"

Her amazement was not wholly complimentary, but he was a great deal too humble-minded to be aware of her smiling contempt.

"To be sure I might have written to him," she went on; "but I didn't, and if I had, she would have found me out and never forgiven me for meddling, very likely. Now you—even if she never forgives you—"

"It won't matter."

"No, it won't matter," assented Miss O'Brien, rather cruelly; "if she goes away you're never likely to see her again, you know. But I'm her mother's companion, and it won't do for me to quarrel with Judith."

Holly said nothing in reply. It would probably have been difficult for him to make the companion understand that he was willing to give up even the treasure of Judith's friendship if he could secure her happiness. He did not look like a person who could afford to be magnanimous, he looked, on the contrary, so miserably embarrassed that a new difficulty struck her.

"I suppose you know what you're going to say when you get there?" she questioned. "Well," she went on, quickly, "it wouldn't be any use my telling you; you must just do the best you can. Now, look here, you were in England a few weeks ago. How is your purse going to stand a second journey?"

"I—I can manage—"

"Nonsense," she said, brusquely; "I know what that means. You'll arrive in London without a penny, and you will propose to walk all the rest of the way, I suppose? If you are to go at all, you can't go too quickly. I'll give you the money." She silenced his protest with an uplifted hand.

"It is much more important to me than it can possibly be to you to get Miss Severn to return to her friends. Do you imagine the old lady will continue to pay me for keeping the mother company if the daughter refuses to return to her? It's self first, you see," cried the Irishwoman, with her loud laugh; "but I am thinking of her too—between you and me she is too good for the rest of us!"

So Sebastian was sent upon his way, and became Miss O'Reilly's paid messenger.

"If you are so very proud you can repay me when you are rich," she said, with a kind of good-tempered scorn, when she had fetched her purse.

It was but a very little he would accept, and but for the sad hindrance of his poverty, which would have delayed Judith's happiness, he would have refused even that modest sum.

"I believe he has pawned his clothes!" said Miss O'Reilly to herself, staring after the shabby departing figure. She laughed as she fell again to the breadths of silk; she was entirely incapable of comprehending him, but she had the grace to



keep her amusement to herself, and not to make a public jest of his Quixotry.

She did not breathe a whisper to Judith of his mission, even when she was speeding her on her way to London.

"That poor creature has had his journey for nothing, and I might have saved my money," was her only reflection on the matter.

It was this unexpected visitor who arrived at the Moat two days later, and presented himself before the astonished Phoebe Trimmer. Phoebe had seen many varieties of country bumpkin, but she had not before encountered a town bumpkin, and she did not know how to take him; whether to treat him with the suspicion due to a person who might be nothing better than a seller of pens or cheap stationery, or to accept him as one of the gentle-folks whose position is so undoubted as to admit of any eccentricity in the matter of clothing.

She ended by putting him in a little morning-room, where there was nothing portable that might be slid into the pocket, and went in search of her master.

Winter was in the library, seated with a resolute face before a massed accumulation of accounts.

"Please, sir," said Phoebe, "it's a gentleman wants to see you as *says* he's from Paris."

"From Paris?" Winter looked up, suddenly alert. "Is there any reason why he should not come from Paris, Phoebe?"

"No, sir; it's like enough he does, to judge by the looks of him."

"Ah, there are excellent things in Paris!" said Winter, lightly, getting up and pushing back his chair. "Where have you put this guest from foreign parts, Phoebe?"

"In the little parlour, sir."

He smiled as he went in search of the stranger; he did not share Phoebe's insular distrustfulness. A visitor who came from Paris must needs be welcome. Paris, it will be perceived, meant to him a certain number in the Boulevard Malesherbes. This was so irrational in a grave man of middle life that he perhaps deserved the disappointment he felt when he entered the room and found waiting for him a young man of a shabbiness that was almost disreputable, and of an accent that had nothing of France in it, but was unmistakably of Bow Bells.

"I have seen you before, I think," said Winter, giving the young man time to recover from an evident rush of shyness. He looked at him keenly, searching his memory, and all at once he recalled the circumstances. "I remember now; it was at Richmond station."

"Yes," said Holly, "the last time I was 'ome—"

"I think you mentioned you came from Paris?" said Winter, courteously, wondering what this extraordinary young man could want with him.

"I left it yesterday."

"Pray be seated," said Winter, still courteous, but waxing inwardly impatient. "If there is anything you wish to say to me—"

"Yes," burst out Holly, with a desperate effort; "I came on purpose to say it." He refused the

chair Winter pushed towards him. "I will stand," he said.

Perhaps he thought it would be treating his great mission too familiarly to deliver himself of it sitting; perhaps he felt retreat to be more easy while he stood. He wrung his hands with an odd, nervous action.

"When you saw me at Richmond," he began, "I was waiting for you—waiting to see if you would go up to the house."

"To what house?" Winter asked, rather austere.

"To the house where Miss Severn was."

"You know Miss Severn?" He grappled with his astonishment while he put the question.

"I had been to see her," Holly went on, trying to tell his story in his own way—"her and the old lady. She isn't there now."

"No," said Winter, quickly, "she is in Paris. Is it possible you come from her? Have you a letter—a message?"

"I have no message," said the strange young man, and then his mind, which was very slow in its workings, went back to a wonder that filled it to the exclusion of everything else. "You knew she was in Paris, and yet you never went to her!" he said. He looked at Winter with reproach in his light eyes. "They told me she had promised to marry you."

"Who told you that?"

"All of them," said Holly, vague out of very eagerness. "They all knew it in the boarding-house. A rich Englishman and a relative. Who could it be but you? Mrs. Severn told me—and—I saw you come and take her away that day she left us."

Winter allowed the mistake to pass in silence; it was easy enough to account for it. Nobody in the Boulevard Malesherbes dreamt of sharing the gossip of the *salon* with the despised young man of the attic, and Mrs. Severn's taciturnity allowed her to say so little that one might easily enough misread her meaning; a person of so unenlightened a simplicity as Holly might readily become the victim of an error.

Winter was not thinking of his strange blunder. A moment ago he had been ready to resent this odd person's interference with his affairs, but it was impossible to look at Holly and believe him to be impertinent.

"If you saw her as I saw her yesterday," Holly went on, finding in the other's silence courage to continue, "you would go to her. They don't want her there, neither her mother nor her sister, and there is nobody fit for her to speak to in that house. If it was me," he began, incoherently, "I wouldn't let her be so sad and not try to comfort her. Oh, sir, you'll excuse me," he went on, suddenly abashed by his own boldness, "she doesn't know I'm here. She will never know so much as that I've left the house, but I couldn't bear to see her so unhappy."

"Was that why you came—to tell me this?"

"Yes." He hung his head, his voice was choked. "It's a liberty, but I couldn't 'elp it. I had to try. She was the only friend I ever had in the world." He looked up again, forgetting



himself when he spoke of her. "I shall never forget her goodness while I live, there's no one like her. I wanted to do something for her, and I came to tell you in case you didn't know."

"Thank you," said Winter, gravely. He was beginning to wonder whether this extremely odd young man might not be heroic. "I think it will interest you to know that I heard from Lady Severn this morning, and in that letter she tells me that she looks for Miss Severn's return to Richmond immediately—to-day or to-morrow. Probably when you get back to Paris you will not find her there."

"That will be best for her," said Holly, huskily, but the light seemed suddenly to die out of his face.

"It is what those of us who are her friends must wish for her. And you, who are one of them, will allow me to say that I think you have a little misjudged the cause of her unhappiness. She has had many things to make her sad of late, but I should think myself most blameworthy if I had added to them."

"Then you are—her friend?"

He grasped the thought slowly, and more slowly still it seemed to dawn on him that his journey had been a quite needless piece of folly.

"I am her friend," said Winter, firmly, "and I'll be so while she lives."

Holly gazed at him with a kind of hungry wistfulness; then he seemed to shrink and collapse under the burden of his own mistake. His head fell forward, his hands relaxed their nervous clasp and dropped at his sides.

"Then—I needn't have come?" he murmured.

"Yes," said Winter, "I thank you for coming. Any one who is Miss Severn's friend has my welcome. You will stay, I hope, and have something to eat? It is close on lunch-time."

"No," said Holly, quickly. "I—I couldn't eat—it would choke me." He moved forward in eager haste to be gone, but at the door he made an irresolute pause and half turned round. He put out his hand timidly, but Winter was quick to divine his meaning and met it with his own.

Poor Holly, in that agitated clasp he expressed all of renunciation, of unselfish hope and generous wish, his stammering lips could never have uttered.

Winter stood bare-headed in the sunshine staring before him long after the grotesque shambling figure had crossed the moat and disappeared into space.

It touched him sharply that his visitor should go without food or drink. The hopeless uselessness and futility of the whole business afflicted him, and moved him, now to humour, now to melancholy. He did not seem to himself to have come out of it with distinction. It was the crestfallen and abashed Holly who had carried off all the honours.

"If he had but swallowed a glass of sherry I should have felt less abominably guilty," he said to himself.

He lingered so long that Phœbe came out at last, somewhat troubled in her mind lest the

stranger might have been a person deserving of honoured treatment after all.

"The gentleman's gone, sir," she remarked, tentatively.

Winter wheeled round on her.

"The gentleman is gone, Phœbe. It would have pleased me better if he had stayed to test the merits of your cooking."

"Well, sir," said the housekeeper with apology, "I never was one of them as think you can tell what th' inside o' a man is like from th' outside, but I know an English gentleman when I see him, and if this one, begging his pardon, hadn't deceived me wi' his forrin' ways, which I won't deny is past my understanding, I would never have equalled him to the little parlour, which is only fit for tenants and the like."

"Phœbe will have her hero after the popular pattern," said Phœbe's master to himself, as he retired to the library, "with a placard round his neck that there may be no mistake. Carlyle has given us a whole bundle of them—Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Knox, and the rest, no chance of error here. Gods they are, in truth, but may we not bow down before a generous action, even though he who makes it is weak and foolish, and even despicable in the eyes of many? The act is heroic, however little of a hero the actor may seem, and he deserves our reverence, say I," said Winter, addressing space.

Judith never knew, to her dying hour, how this young man had loved her enough to plead her cause. That was a little secret—perhaps the only one—which Winter kept from her. And it was the more easy to keep it since Holly had made too slight and fleeting an impression on her to be anything but a name in her memory.

That was but another part of the poor fellow's ill-luck.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—"WE TWO STOOD THERE WITH NEVER A THIRD."

IF any one supposes that old Lady Severn made many speeches of regret and penitence on receiving her granddaughter once more under her roof, he has but little understood that proud old heart.

Who shall say, indeed, that she did not rather repent of those written lines of capitulation before the ink was almost dry? Farthing could have told how vigorously her mistress had pulled her bell and what a peremptory order she had given to have the letter brought back to her. The waiting-maid, however, had read the address, and had been wily enough to place the invitation beyond hazard or risk of recall by popping it herself into the jaws of the nearest pillar-box.

Very likely the writer of it was glad enough to be saved from the necessity of changing or appearing to change her mind, but she showed no gratitude, and scolded Farthing roundly for her over-officious haste.

When Judith arrived, and was ushered by the excited and trembling waiting-woman—herself a little tremulous and agitated too—into the grand-

mother's presence, that admirable old lady received her with a nod, as if she had seen her an hour or two before. She presented a cool cheek for Judith's kiss, and sharply chid Farthing for lingering in the open doorway.

"There is nothing to stare at, my good woman," she remarked; "Miss Severn has not had time to alter in a couple of months. I see no difference, except that her dress is shabbier. Black is always a thriftless wear; it surprises me that the Parisians, with their scorching suns, are so constant to it."

This was how Judith was received back into her grandmother's graces. They talked of Paris as if her stay there had been a mere visit of pleasure—an episode, a preconceived family arrangement.

"It was quite right you should visit your mother," said Lady Severn, looking straight at her granddaughter, "though I don't suppose she missed you greatly. I think you mentioned that she has a companion—an Irishwoman, you say? Ah, if ever I am reduced to depend on the society of one woman, it is an Irishwoman I should choose. My own countrywomen bore me inexpressibly. If I had anything to do with the Education Act, I should insist on humour being taught as an extra, and included in the bills with the laundry, and dancing, and the use of the globes. You should have gone to such a school, my dear, and had the benefit of the best master in wit. You do not appear to me to be any livelier than when you went away, though it was to Paris you went."

Judith did not know whether to be amused or affronted, but she could at least command humour enough to accept the situation with a smile. What of the rage, the bitterness, and grief of their last meeting? These were all as if they had never been. She could afford to bury them too. She was glad to slip back into the old place—the same, and yet how different! The unassailed peace and quiet of the green garden were very restful after the jarring and discordant life of the Parisian boarding-house. She could remember Teddy there with sorrow and lasting regret, indeed, but with something of resignation too. It was impossible to think of him as other than happy and glad and joyous, and so it was possible to give him up. No memory of him that was not wholesome and good and sweet visited her as she sat in the Wilderness, where they had played together, or as she walked lonely where they had walked in dual friendship.

Of Winter she thought a great deal too, though always with much maidenly reserve and propriety. She remembered many constant and kind services through all the years of her life that he had shown her, and she was grateful for that faithful affection, but that he should think of her in any other way than as his girl friend and ward, she vehemently disclaimed. He would choose some lady out of his own county, as all his ancestors had done before him; she heard the wedding-bells jangling as she walked through the woods, and she tried with the sternest justice, and but indifferent success, to picture his bride all that was good and delightful.

She invented the most elaborate reasons for his

continued absence, though, indeed, there was no need to call in the aid of fancy at all, since Lady Severn was quite willing to impart the true reason.

"Business! business!" she said, frowning over a note she received one day when they were together in her private sitting-room. "Always the same excuse. If the man hates it as much as he professes, why does he continue to bury himself in the country among those wooden-heads? It's a poor compliment to one's charms if he stops short at regretting their loss. And what," she went on, irritably, "is the use of having a friend who is rather less stupid than some others, if he is to hide himself from sight? Why doesn't he go back to India or Africa? One wouldn't care about him if he were some thousands of miles away."

"Perhaps he will," said Judith; and after this she added to her imaginary pictures another, in which her guardian wrote a calm farewell before he crossed the seas. "If the county lady won't have him that is what he will do," she said to herself; "but she will have him," she added, with conviction, and with feelings towards that fictitious person that were not all charitable.

In all their discourses—and they spent many hours together now—Lady Severn studiously refrained from touching on one point. Letty's name never fell from her lips, and, indeed, she and Harry were non-existent for the grandmother. She ignored them with such magnificent and consistent success, that Judith's appeal remained still-born on her lips. She feared the hidden fires that lay behind that serene silence; she dared not wake the sleeping depths and shatter her new-constructed life once more; peace and goodwill were too precious to be risked, even for Letty's sake.

Farthing was more outspoken, and was grandiose when she was not bitter. She spoke of the "superstitious union" (in distant imitation of Sheridan's heroine) with a severe dignity that made Judith smile; it was to be no quarter if Letty ever set foot within *The Rise* again. The waiting-maid had a great many scores to wipe off, a great many affronts to avenge; she was armed beforehand for the fray, and perhaps it was as well that Letty kept out of sight and did not challenge her to combat.

So the days went by, and every one of them brought a petulant protest from Lady Severn at Winter's continued delay. About a week after his first note, however, she received a second, which she read with a better humour.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had a guest," she said. "You will be pleased, my dear, to hear that there is some chance of our seeing a man."

"It depends on the man."

"Tut, tut! you know well enough who it is. There is only one man we are both agreed upon liking, and the sight of him will be refreshing. We are as tired of each other as nuns in a convent, you and I."

Judith assented with caution.

"It would be very pleasant," she said, "to see an old friend."

"Oh, yes," cried the princess, "an old friend! My dear, do you make him out to be as old as my

poor Munn, who has yielded to his fate, and will never come to see us again?"

"Not quite," stammered Judith, and then she smiled. "I don't mean 'old' in that sense."

"Not too old to make a very good husband?"

"Probably not," said Judith, with an uplifted chin, thinking of the county lady.

"Lawrence Winter must think of marrying. I shall advise him to do so. If I were a little younger I should think of him myself. What do you say, granddaughter?"

"As to your marrying him?" Judith smiled. "I think if you were a little younger, as you say, he could not resist you, Granny. We must hope, since he can't have you, that he will get a very good wife."

"Oh, yes," said the old lady, with great demureness, "that is a very proper and maidenly sentiment, my dear. I couldn't have improved on it myself."

But when the hour came round for Winter's arrival she softened, and was unusually gentle.

"Go and meet him, child," she said, "and tell him we are very glad to see him again. Bring him here by-and-bye. He was fond of the boy; it will seem strange to him at first without him."

It was the first time she had spoken of Teddy, and Judith's heart leaped out towards her. That sorrow was not buried, scorned, trampled on, as she had feared. She stooped and softly kissed the white hand that lay on the crimson velvet of the chair, and she was unrebuked.

But she did not go to meet Winter; that, she told herself for some inexplicable reason she could not and would not do. She went to the Wilderness where the trees were thick enough to make a complete solitude, and she sat down on the stone bench, where she was persuaded no one would dream of looking for her.

Winter meanwhile was hurrying up the hill as quick as a hansom cabby with the prospect of a generous tip could bring him. He had been cool and patient enough while he was at the Moat, and while business demanded him, but now that he was in Richmond it seemed to him as if every moment of delay were a risk. When the news of Harry's marriage had reached him in Essex his first impulse took him to the corridor where the portraits of dead and gone Winters hung. It was nightfall, and he had to light a lamp to guide him, but that did not deter him from going. He went straight to one spot and let its rays fall full on the face of the girl who had reminded him of Judith. She seemed to look down on him out of the semi-darkness with a haunting reproach in her dark eyes.

"Why have you pried into my sorrow?" she seemed to demand. "I was unlike your race; I was unhappy—an alien among them, but none of them discovered it but you."

"I will make her happier than you were if I win her," he said, as if with some foolish notion of making reparation for this long-past wrong. To what puerile devices and fancies will not even staid, white-haired lovers stoop!

He meant at least to try and win her. There was nothing to hinder now (he was almost grateful to Letty for that), and he is but a poor coward who hopes and yet fears to put his hopes to the test.

Honest Phoebe Trimmer was startled one day a month or so after poor Holly's exit, when she went to dust the disused drawing-room, to find her master there. It was to her knowledge the first visit he had paid it since his return. He was looking about him with a critical eye.

"Wants a great deal of doing up, Phoebe," he said; "new chairs and—knicknacks and things. Doesn't it strike you as rather bare?"

"It were done up when your mother first come here as a bride, Mr. Edward—so at least I've been told by them as knew. As for bare, sir, it can't but be bare and lonesome-like with never a mistress to sit in it and set it out."

"Ah!" said Winter, in an odd, quick voice; "is that what it wants, do you think?"

Phoebe had her surmises and her visions too, when he rode away next day with an air of brisk energy and purpose, in which she read a whole three-volumed romance.

"I hope," she said, forced for lack of better to throw herself on Trimmer's sympathy—"I hope he won't bring a woman out of forrin' parts with ways past a Christian's understanding or taking to, to sit in his mother's place."

But Trimmer waved aside this suggestion with easy contempt.

"You womenfolks 'ud make out that a man's thoughts is always dwellin' on one o' you," he said. "A man can't look a bit grave and thoughtful-like but you mun have it there's a wench i' the question. I haven't patience wi' these ongoings."

"A poor world it 'ud be if you had the making o' it!" retorted Phoebe, with mild asperity; "with none but menfolks in it to make a clatter, and smoke nasty pipes, and drink like pigs. You'll speak different when your inside tells you it's the dinner-hour, or I'm mistaken."

Trimmer had to "think different" on more than one point, and to eat humble pie at not a few succeeding meals, for Phoebe's keener insight had not been at fault.

By some happy chance, or by the fortune that favours lovers, Winter was moved to take his way at once to the Wilderness where Judith fancied herself lost. He was thinking of that other day when he had found her there with Teddy, and the remembrance gave him a pang. Yet it seemed very natural to see her seated on the bench with the Silence decently draped by the summer's kindness, half hidden behind her.

She looked up when he approached, and then she rose. Her first and strongest desire was to run away, but she conquered it and merely said, with rather more stiffness than the occasion seemed to require, "How do you do?"

"I am quite well," answered Winter, literally, with a half-smile in his eyes.

"It is a long time since we saw you," Judith



went on, striving to be easily conversational, and failing shamefully.

"It is three months, two days, and as near as may be five hours since I saw you."

She had the puppy, Teddy's charge, with her,

He came a step nearer.

"Will you let me try to comfort you?" he said.

"I am much older than you, too old and too grave, you may think; but I am young enough to love you very truly, and with all my heart. Can



"CAN YOU TRUST ME, JUDITH?"

and he stooped to lay a hand on it. The action or his words brought the little man vividly back to them both.

Winter looked round him with a half-expectant glance, as if to hear Teddy's laugh of triumph as he sat astride old Pan.

"I know," she answered, her reserve melting away. "I remember that day; I have thought of it every day since."

"You have been lonely, Judith?"

"Yes," she said, "I have been very lonely."

you trust me, Judith? Can you give yourself to me?"

When it came to this; when he made his appeal in hotter and manlier words than these, no doubt, and with many persuasions and entreaties, her natural sincerity and simplicity answered for her. There was no talk of running away now, and no shame in her surrender.

"It was you always, I think," she said. "Oh, you were very good, and I repaid you very ill. I will behave better. Will you be patient still?"



"Oh," he said, gaily, "I can promise that all the patience I shall ever need will be forthcoming."

So Judith reached the haven at last. After enduring some storms and tossings and perverse winds, here were calm seas and sunshine to cheer her, and a long day of brightness before her. For that moment of perfect trust many clouded hours were but a little price to pay. In that green world where she had missed her playmate and mourned him, and been lonely, as she said, love found her and made her rich and crowned her.

She passed from it with her lover.

"Let us go and tell grandmother," she said; "she has had so many sorrows and disappointments, this will make her glad."

They went to her room where she sat by the window, her chair drawn close so that she could see the flowers and share the sunshine. She did not move nor turn her head as they approached, and she had no gay word of welcome for Winter.

At first they thought she slept, but presently, with a great awe, they looked in each other's faces and read the truth there.

While love was crowning them out in the green garden a messenger had come for great-grandmamma, and all alone she had gone forth with him. At last, after so many valiant fights and stout rebellions, she had made the great surrender.

"I wish we could have told her," whispered Judith her tears beginning to fall; "it seems

hard she should have gone before she knew—it would have made her glad.

"She sent me to meet you," she went on, falteringly. "It was her wish that we should care for each other. It was the only thing I was ever able to do to please her—and yet it was to please myself all the time."

Winter looked at her with a deepening of his reverence for the conscience so sensitively alive to its lapses, the unavailing pity and remorse that stirred in her.

"Oh, if we had thought of ourselves less—if we had come back a little sooner!" she cried, with that natural longing for some guiding sign or word before the last farewell. "She has had so many things to hurt and wound her, and this would have made her glad!"

"She does not need us now," said Winter, as he put an arm about her to lead her away. "She looks very calm, Judith."

And indeed, in all her wilful, strenuous life, great-grandmamma had never looked so tranquil and gentle as in this the final and closing act of it all. A serene and awful dignity shone out of the fine, pale old face, its stormy passions lulled, its eager restlessness, its fears and alarms, all vanquished. It was sleep that had come to her in the sunny summer afternoon—sleep that hushed her as a froward child, stilling her throbbing passions, and holding her in its inviolable peace.

And so, their new-born joy touched and solemnised with this brushing of its young wings with death, they went from her, leaving her to the Great Silence.

### "A Friend, Lads, a Friend."

Of all the good gifts that in royallest measure  
Drop down to the earth from the beautiful skies,  
A friend, lads, a friend is the fittest to treasure—  
A friend with a soul in his straight-looking eyes;  
A near one, a dear one, a sterling and sound one,  
Scarce twice is he found in our life's working day;  
Thank God with rejoicing if only you've found one,  
And love him and keep him for ever and aye.

Ah, comrades enow (be it said with decorum)  
You'll get for the asking in hamlets or towns,  
Who gaily will empty the glasses you pour 'em,  
And laugh at your sallies and borrow your crowns.  
But these jolly birds are of volatile feather;  
They fly with the autumn and come with the spring;  
If clouds are presaging a change in the weather,  
They'll bid you good-bye with a flick of the wing.

A friend, lads, God bless him! warm-hearted, stout-handed,  
He's loving and loyal and always the same;  
But still to your follies he's open and candid—  
You prize his approval, you shrink from his blame.  
He'll laugh at your side when the Maytime is shining  
But closer he'll draw on the storm-beaten way;  
He's like the old coat with the honest warm lining—  
You find out his worth in the winterly day.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN, C.I.

THE two great events which will form the distinguishing political features of Lord Dufferin's vice-royalty in India are, undoubtedly, the settlement of the Afghan boundary and the annexation of Upper Burmah. It is not, however, unlikely that after times will accord to the Dufferin rule a still greater distinction, from the fact that it has seen inaugurated, on a national scale, an Association for supplying all classes of Indian women with medical relief. The part which Lady Dufferin has taken in originating and carrying on this great movement of love and sympathy does her the highest honour and deserves appreciative notice in our pages. Surely, never before has the exalted and influential position belonging to the wife of the Indian viceroy been turned to such beneficent account. We wish to tell the story of the origin, progress, and prospects of the movement, but first a few references of a character more personal to the subject of our notice may not be unwelcome to our readers.

Lady Dufferin is an Irishwoman by birth and up-bringing. The eldest daughter of the late Archibald Rowan Hamilton, Esquire, of Killyleagh Castle, County Down, she belongs to a family of Scotch descent, though long settled in the north of Ireland. The ancestor of the Irish Hamiltons was the Rev. Hans Hamilton, vicar of Dunlop, Ayrshire, who was himself descended from a branch of the ancient Scotch house of that name. Their connection with Ireland arose from the circumstance that Sir James Hamilton, the eldest son of the vicar of Dunlop, was sent thither by James VI of Scotland to keep up a correspondence with the English nobility in that country, and to secure his interests on the death of Queen Elizabeth. He subsequently settled at Killyleagh and was raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Viscount Clandeboy, while his son, the second baron, was, in 1627, created Earl of Clanbrassil. These titles, however, in 1675, became extinct.

In territorial contiguity to the Hamiltons of County Down settled also about the same time a branch of the Scottish Blackwoods, to whom references can be traced in the public records of Scotland to a very early date. The celebrated Adam Blackwood, a poet and divine, and also privy councillor to Mary Queen of Scots, belonged to the same family. From the Irish branch of the Blackwoods sprung Frederick Temple Blackwood, the husband of Lady Dufferin, who was born heir to the Irish barony of Dufferin, and succeeded to the title in 1841, when he was a youth of fifteen at Eton. The title was conferred on a female descendant of the Rev. Hans Hamilton after the death of her husband, Sir John Blackwood, bart., of Ballyliddy. This lady died in 1807, and from her the present possessor, her great-grandson, inherited as fifth lord. Lord Dufferin is also, by descent through the same female line, the senior heir-general and representative of the Hamiltons Earls of Clanbrassil.

The marriage of Lord Dufferin to his kinswoman, Harriet-Georgina Hamilton, was, therefore, the second important alliance between the Blackwoods and the Hamiltons. The event was celebrated on the 23rd October, 1862, in the ancient castle of the bride's family, built in the reign of James I, but recently modernised and renovated; and through the union a Blackwood restored to a Hamilton the honours he had derived from her family. At the time of his marriage, Lord Dufferin had attained to some distinction in literature by his "Letters from High Latitudes," and in diplomacy by his mission to Syria. The union was a popular one in the neighbourhood, for the two families had been not only formerly allied, but had for generations lived in close proximity in the same part of County Down and had together earned the goodwill and affection of all classes of the people. In reference to his bride, and in reply to an address from his friends and tenants on his marriage day, Lord Dufferin said, "I trust I shall make her a good husband and that she will be a happy wife. As for the future, we neither of us can have a higher ambition than to do our duty faithfully in that station in which God has placed us." The sentiment then expressed has not, we are sure, been belied either by husband or wife in the high stations they have been called upon to fill in very different countries, and which, probably, at that time, they did not dream of occupying. The mansion of Clandeboy—the seat of Lord Dufferin—is situated on Belfast Lough, not far from the sea, and is of the reign of James I, but subsequent alterations have obliterated its ancient character.

In 1850 Lord Dufferin was created a baron of the United Kingdom. This gave him a seat in the House of Lords, and possibly was of advantage to his promotion in political life. The more recent honour of an earldom, conferred in 1871, has, however, been more than earned by his distinguished public services. From about the time of his marriage till 1872 Lord Dufferin held various posts in the Government. In April of that year a new and larger career was opened to him by his appointment as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Lady Dufferin accompanied her husband to the new world, and along with him quickly secured the goodwill and affection of the Canadian people, discharging all the social duties which fell to her, and presiding over the vice-regal household at Rideau Hall with grace and dignity.

Scarcely had Lord and Lady Dufferin returned home after the full period of service in Canada, when they were called upon to depart for St. Petersburg, his lordship having been appointed British Ambassador at the Russian Court. From St. Petersburg there was a further transference to Constantinople, and while acting as Extraordinary Plenipotentiary there Lord Dufferin was required to visit Egypt and to report on the condition of that country. Lady Dufferin accompanied her



LADY DUFFERIN.

From a Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

husband in all these changes, sustaining him by her presence and sympathy in his difficult and arduous duties, and extending in the various countries of her residence her knowledge and experience of the world.

Her gracious Majesty the Queen had long been deeply interested in the condition of the women of India, and had been animated by the desire to do what she could to alleviate their hard lot so patiently borne for ages. This feeling was deepened in the royal heart by the touching message sent her by the Maharani of Punna, a native state in the north of India. Shut up in her palace in the hands of ignorant native practitioners, and the victim of a painful disease which required skilful treatment, the sufferer could have no alleviation owing to the rigid seclusion to which custom has doomed all native ladies, and which permitted of no help from the skilled male physician. In the year 1881 it became known to the Maharaja of Punna that Miss Beilby, an American lady, was carrying on her work as a Zenana medical missionary in the City of Lucknow. He asked her to visit his suffering wife, and, although a hundred miles distant, she at once undertook the journey, and for weeks remained the only European at Punna. Happily her medical knowledge skilfully applied effected a complete recovery. Miss Beilby, having resolved to return to England to take a degree in a regular medical college, went on the morning of her departure to say farewell to the Maharani. "You are going to England," said the royal lady. "I want you to tell the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women of England, what the women of India suffer when they are sick." She then gave charge that Miss Beilby was herself to convey the message to the Queen. She asked her to write it down. "Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba," she said, "for I want to put it into a locket, and you are to wear this locket round your neck till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself! You are not to send it through another." Miss Beilby duly reached England, when the Queen, hearing of the message, sent for her and graciously admitted her to a personal interview. To what Miss Beilby said of the condition of suffering Indian women her Majesty listened with much interest, asking many questions and showing the deepest sympathy. The locket with its writing was given to the Queen, and her Majesty entrusted Miss Beilby with a kind and suitable reply, adding, "We had no idea it was so bad as this. Something must be done for these poor creatures. We would wish it to be generally known that we sympathise with every effort made to relieve the suffering of the women of India."

It is not wonderful, therefore, with this matter so near the heart of the Sovereign, that on Lady Dufferin leaving England with her husband for India in 1884, to assume the position of wife of the representative of the Sovereign in that country, that the Queen should have aroused her ladyship's interest in Indian women, and commissioned her to devise some practical remedy for their relief.

"From that time," writes Lady Dufferin, "I

took pains to learn all I could of the medical question in India as regards women, and I found that although certain great efforts were being made in a few places to provide female attendance, hospitals, training-schools, and dispensaries for women, and although missionary effort had done much—and had, indeed, for years been sending out pioneers into the field—yet, taking India as a whole, its women were undoubtedly without that medical aid which their European sisters are accustomed to consider as absolutely necessary. I found that even in cases where nature if left to herself would be the best doctor, the ignorant practice of the so-called midwife led to infinite mischief, and might often be characterised as abominably cruel."

In these words the case of Indian women is fairly stated. They have to bear more than their necessary share of human suffering—more than the men of India, and more than the women of other nationalities are called upon to bear; and that on account of the inveterate barriers interposed by custom, caste ideas, religious scruples, and domestic seclusion. It appeared to Lady Dufferin that an Association might be formed having the one single object in view of bringing medical knowledge and medical relief to the women of India by the agency of female doctors, midwives, and nurses. With this idea she wrote to several ladies of influential position in India, and, receiving their cordial support, a prospectus was drawn up setting forth the proposed plan, which was published in the various languages of India and distributed all over the country. To this appeal an encouraging response was given; the Press was almost unanimous in its approval, and in the various towns visited by the Viceroy the municipalities made favourable allusion to the beneficent undertaking. It thus became evident that it was not being prematurely forced upon the people, but that the necessity for some movement of the kind had already begun to be seriously recognised. And that this was so was owing in large degree to the efforts of Christian missions, and to the devoted and qualified medical women connected with these missions. The honour of first bringing medical aid to the women of India belongs to the American societies. The first woman physician with a diploma who ever set foot in India was Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., who reached the country in 1869, sent thither from the United States by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Beilby, to whom we have referred, and other American as well as English ladies, have done admirable work. Miss Beilby's name will indeed ever be associated with that of Lady Dufferin in the origination of the National Association.

In the month of August, 1885, at the seat of the Government in Simla, the Association was organised, and designated "The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." Lady Dufferin was made President, the Viceroy, Patron, and her Majesty the Queen-Empress telegraphed her willingness to be the Royal Patron. The money collected to forward the object was to be credited to "The



Countess of Dufferin's Fund." The first general meeting was held at Calcutta in January, 1886. Lord Dufferin, who presided on the occasion, said that he regarded the meeting as one of the most important ever held in India, as upon its successful issue a vast amount of human happiness was dependent. The object of the Association in its ultimate development, he said, was "to supply the women of the land, from one end of it to the other, with proper medical advice and attendance under conditions consonant to their most cherished feelings and wishes."

A meeting was held at the Mansion House in the same year on behalf of the fund, and an appeal was made by Lady Dufferin to the ladies of England for their assistance.

The general affairs of the Association are managed by a central committee, and in connection with it branches have been formed at Madras, Bombay, the Punjab, the North-Western Provinces, Burmah, the Central Provinces, Bengal, and Mysore. Each branch association is for all financial and executive purposes entirely independent, but it is expected to adhere to the principles of the Association, and is required to contribute some small percentage of its receipts to the central fund. All institutions having the same end in view, whether missionary in their character or not, and which were in existence prior to the formation of the Association, are encouraged to affiliate themselves with it, but are allowed to retain their full independence. These affiliated institutions may obtain grants-in-aid from the Association, and will otherwise benefit by the increased number of pupils, and by having a common centre of reference and information. Not the great towns only, or any one part of India, is to be specially favoured, the operations of the Association are designed in time to extend to women throughout the whole country, from the Himalayas to the sea. To cover a field so vast, and to accomplish a work so great, it is essential that the Association should be distinctively national, that all classes and the adherents of all creeds—Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians alike—should be able to co-operate. And if national, it is in consequence necessary that it should be strictly unsectarian. The one object is to provide and apply female medical aid, to alleviate human suffering and sorrow, not to teach Christianity, nor to combine medical treatment with teaching. Yet on its simple basis of philanthropy it has a common ground with missionary effort, and, indeed, desires that missionary agencies, so far as they are medical, should be affiliated with it. By promoting on a large scale the medical education of native women, and diffusing them throughout the country to minister relief to their own suffering sex, the Association cannot but produce in time a powerful moral effect altogether favourable to Christianity. Gratitude will be awakened, confidence gained, the minds of native women will be opened to new ideas, superstition will lose its hold, and the prevailing faith in charms and idolatrous offerings in times of sickness and suffering will be gradually lessened, and ultimately broken down and destroyed.

Every document connected with the Association has, from the beginning, gone through Lady Dufferin's hands, and all that devotion and zeal could do on its behalf she has done. She accompanied her husband in all his official tours, everywhere visiting the hospitals and making inquiries with the view of forwarding the cause she had initiated.

An admirable paper from her pen, which first appeared in the "*Asiatic Quarterly*" for April, 1886, and has since been reprinted and widely circulated in a separate form, gives a full exposition of the entire scheme.

From this paper we find that the specific aims of the Association are, first, medical tuition—such as the teaching and training of native women as doctors, hospital assistants, nurses, and midwives; secondly, medical relief, in the form of female superintendence of dispensaries and cottage hospitals for the treatment of women and children; and, thirdly, the supplying of female doctors, nurses, and midwives, qualified to undertake the duties of their profession. It is also designed to open female wards in existing hospitals, and to found female hospitals when the necessary funds are forthcoming.

It is, as yet, the day of small things; a beginning only has been made and the difficulties which lie in the way of the successful issue of the movement, it is not to be disguised, are very various and are also, no doubt, very formidable. Some of these difficulties are referred to in interesting remarks recently addressed by Miss Louisa Stevenson to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women. Miss Stevenson was present at the third annual meeting of the Association held at Calcutta in January last, and has just returned from India.

"I should like to acknowledge from this place," she said, "the debt of gratitude we owe to her Excellency Lady Dufferin, for the way in which she has caused what I may call the doctrine of women doctors to be preached throughout the length and breadth of India. This could only have been accomplished by some one able and willing to utilise existing Government agencies. In a country like India where ideas and customs are thousands of years old, everything is apt to be looked upon with suspicion and with more or less distrust, and it was an entirely new idea in many quarters that the services of a woman could be of any importance whatever to the country; still less that she could ever be entrusted with the health and lives of her fellow-creatures. Had the seed of this idea been sown by any one of less importance than the wife of the head and representative of her Majesty's Government, it would, probably, in many cases, have been trampled under foot. Much good seed has been sown; and time must be given it to take root and bear fruit; and to allow the sowers to take out the tares unavoidably sown with the wheat." Miss Stevenson further alludes to the Cama hospital for women at Bombay—under the very able superintendence of Dr. Edith Pechey—as a model, both inward and outward, of what a hospital should be. She also speaks highly of the

first-rate training school for European and native nurses, established in connection with it by the Bombay branch of the Dufferin Fund.

From the third report, which, like the two former reports, is from the pen of Lady Dufferin, we find that the public interest in the Association is increasing—that there are more subscribers to its funds and greater confidence shown in the reality and permanence of the work. Native gentlemen are becoming more and more favourable, and local bodies are lending a helping hand. Indeed it is essential to the success of the movement that the leaders of native society should take it up. Throughout India there is what may be styled an “unconscious” demand on the part of its women for medical aid. They have been so long neglected that they cannot understand how it can be otherwise. To the more enlightened women the sense of need is great, and the effort to supply it comes home to their heart. Raja Siva Prasad, C.S.I., at a meeting, said, “When I told my dear sister of this benevolent scheme, and told her also of Lady Dufferin’s exertions to carry it out, she simply said, ‘How can I worship this lady with flowers and sandal-wood?’”

At the date of the last report there was an aggregate of 131 female students in the different centres of study, the majority of whom were being educated as female hospital assistants. These, however, are not intended to rank with fully qualified doctors, or to treat difficult cases, but to deal with the hundreds of minor maladies which

Lady Dufferin characterises as “so much more common, and oftentimes equally distressing.”

Up to the present time the progress of the movement has been highly satisfactory. It has received large financial aid, and rests on voluntary support; but it is to be hoped that the various municipalities throughout the country will help by their contributions. As time goes on the demand for trained doctors, nurses, and midwives will steadily grow, and with the demand will come the supply. Every effort in the direction of medical aid will indeed be stimulated by the National Association, and bonds of sympathy created between persons working for a common object and between those who dispense and those who receive benefits. We cannot do better than close our notice by quoting the concluding remarks of Lady Dufferin, in the paper to which we have referred. “I trust,” says her ladyship, “that a feeling of kindness and goodwill may be generated by an Association which has been started by women for the benefit of their own sex, but which should appeal to the best feelings of men of all ranks in India. We have met with much encouragement so far, but we realise that the work we have in hand will require many years of faithful endeavour to bring it to a successful issue. We know that we must begin it gently, and having sown the seed, must tend it with patience and perseverance, feeling grateful and hopeful as each green leaf appears, giving promise of a future abundant harvest.”

J. H.

## A COLORADO MINING CAMP.

BY DR. AUBREY.

PRIOR to the year 1859 little was known of the vast mountain region now comprising the wealthy mineral State of Colorado. It was the abode of the bear, the moose, the elk, the antelope, and other kinds of game, in pursuit of which hardy trappers penetrated the rocky fastnesses. Tribes of wandering Indians had their hunting-grounds within these silent and terrible defiles of the Rocky Mountains, coming down once or twice a year to the eastern plains to barter their “peltries” or furs with the white man, and especially to obtain the “fire-water” which has proved so fatal.

On the site where the handsome city of Denver stands—the capital of the State, with a population of 75,000—a small group of log huts sufficed about thirty years ago for the score of white faces who had gone to what was then regarded as the utmost boundary of the West.

To penetrate the lofty mountain barriers extending seven hundred miles beyond was deemed impossible, owing partly to the hostility of the Indians, but still more to the natural obstacles presented by gigantic rocks, frowning precipices, abyssmal gorges, and tumultuous torrents. Repeated at-

tempts were made to find or force a way through these profound and awful solitudes, but most of them failed miserably and disastrously. Fremont, known as “the Pathfinder,” was the most successful of these brave adventurers, but even he could not discover a practicable track across this part of what is called the Great Divide of the American continent.

Now, however, within a period of ten years, the Union Pacific Railroad, continuing its branch of 106 miles across the prairie from Cheyenne to Denver, has penetrated 202 miles farther, to Gunnison, in the heart of the mountains, with sundry short lines to important mining districts. Still more enterprising and difficult was the task successfully undertaken by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, to construct a line from the State capital to Salida, and thence across the Marshall Pass, at an altitude of 10,800 feet, and along the narrow gorge through which rushes the River Arkansas between beetling crags from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in perpendicular height. Even now that the work is done it sounds almost incredible that a railway should have been constructed through this stupendous cañon. There was

scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges and boulders blocked the path; but these obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed was made, closely following the contour of the massive walls of rock, and now the cañon is a main line of travel between east and west, the distance from Denver to Ogden, where the Union and Central Pacific systems are joined, being 771 miles. To cross the lofty Marshall Pass the line makes a series of wide loops, doubling upon itself again and again as it rises to the summit, breasting the surrounding mountains and clinging to almost precipitous sides, so that in one place the traveller looks down upon no fewer than seven distinct tracks over which he has passed, each being at a considerable depth below the others.

Another marvellous district traversed by the same railroad is the branch from Pueblo down to Espanola in New Mexico, near the renowned and ancient city of Santa Fé, and back to the rich mineral region of Silverton, in Colorado, a distance, with the numerous subsidiary lines, of 840 miles, or 1,611 miles in all controlled by this one company.

It reads like a fairy-tale that in so short a time, and at such an enormous outlay of money and labour, these great highways have been constructed over and among what were supposed to be inaccessible and impenetrable mountain chains, stretching up far away beyond the snow-line, and into cloud-land. But what will not human enterprise attempt, and human ingenuity accomplish, under the incentive of fabulous wealth! In 1858 the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of Pike's Peak caused a rush of people from all parts of the United States, and a mining camp was pitched at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte river. From this small beginning sprang Denver, now styled "the Queen City of the Plains."

Beautiful for situation, with the great range of the Rocky Mountains towering immediately to the west, and the trackless prairie stretching to the Missouri river on the east, Denver has become a railroad and commercial centre—nine lines radiating from it to all points. Thousands of adventurous and sanguine persons, smitten with the gold fever, found their way hither in the course of a few months as soon as the rumour spread of auriferous wealth in the adjacent mountains. The only means of communication were by waggon, on horseback, or on foot across the plains from Omaha or Kansas City, the distance being 569 and 639 miles respectively. Numbers perished by the way from fatigue and privation, and numbers more found nameless graves among the mountains in the mad search for gold.

One of the richest mining camps was California Gulch, now known as Leadville, 130 miles from Denver. During five years gold-dust to the value of a million sterling was washed from the ground of this gulch, but it was then almost abandoned, as were other and smaller mining camps in that region, on the supposition that no more gold was to be found. In 1876 vast carbonate beds of silver were discovered. The gold-washers had

put aside as useless masses of earth heavily charged with some unknown mineral, which eventually on analysis proved to be silver-lead, yielding from four to fourteen pounds' worth of silver per ton, and in some exceptional places much more than this. Immediately there was another and a larger rush of people to the old California Gulch, which came to be called Leadville, and in a few months 30,000 eager miners, keen speculators in land, storekeepers, tavern-keepers, and all the reckless and abandoned scum of a mining camp were congregated. Claims were set up for every available foot of land in the district where carbonate ore was suspected to exist. All who had money, or who could borrow or even steal it, set to work to sink shafts that they might extract the ore. When found, it was sent on the backs of mules, protected by armed guards, along tortuous and difficult mountain paths to Denver, where it was assayed, smelted, and sold, or consigned to the east. A few made immense and rapid fortunes, but the majority were poorer after months of toil, privation, and suffering than when they arrived. The hardships and miseries of the first winter are still spoken of with a shudder. With the thermometer far below zero, and provisions and fuel—owing to the absence of trees—at starvation prices, everything having to be brought on mules from Denver, thousands died under the canvas tents which were the only protection from the wintry blasts, or dropped dead in the holes where they were working, or were shot or stabbed with bowie-knives in the disputes and robberies that daily occurred. Here and there a man was fortunate enough to sell his claim for twenty or fifty thousand dollars, and companies with enormous nominal capital were formed to work such claims by astute and cunning speculators in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere, who appropriated the vast difference between the purchasing and the selling prices. In other cases, storekeepers in Denver undertook to supply the working miners in the mountains with food, dress, and tools, on condition of receiving half the proceeds; and there are instances of men who became millionaires in this way.

Prospecting was carried on at Aspen, at Silverton, at Crested Butte, at Carson, and many other places, and mineral wealth was discovered with more or less success. Geologists and mineralogists are of opinion that only the fringe has been touched, and that untold riches are waiting to be brought to light throughout the entire State of Colorado, as in Nevada and elsewhere.

Without occupying these columns by a discursive examination, it will be well to confine the inquiry to Leadville, in order to present the common features of a silver mining camp. It is one of the highest large towns on the American continent, being 10,200 feet above the sea level; and it stands on an undulating plateau, surrounded by mountain peaks that rise from two to four thousand feet higher.

There are no fewer than thirty-four peaks in this region having an altitude exceeding 14,000 feet, the highest being Mount Blanca, 14,464; besides which there are thirty-four ranging down



to 14,000 feet. Pike's Peak, which, like Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn, is conspicuous by its somewhat isolated position, is 14,167 feet, and is seen at a distance of seventy miles across the prairies. In various parts of the great State of Colorado there are seventy-two other peaks, ranging from 13,500 to 14,300 feet, most of which are unnamed, nor have they been ascended. There are also four extensive lakes at a height of more than 10,000 feet, and four others ranging from that to 7,200. Denver itself is 5,196 feet above the sea, and all the principal towns in Colorado are only one thousand feet below that elevation, while many considerably exceed it; the highest of all being a place known as Animas Forks, which stands 11,200 feet, or a thousand higher than Leadville.

This great altitude accounts for the rarefied atmosphere, which affects most visitors in peculiar and unpleasant ways. At first they feel buoyant and elastic, as if they could mount into space and float away. All exertion, however, and especially quick walking or running upstairs, accelerates the action of the heart and renders respiration difficult and even painful. There are often loss of appetite, violent throbbing over the temples, inability to sleep, and functional derangements. These symptoms continue for several days, and persons who have been resident for some time have to be careful in their movements and habits. Even horses have to become acclimatised, and those brought from the plains are not in a condition to do much work until this process is completed.

Colorado is coming to be a favourite health resort for pulmonary and bronchial patients, owing to the purity and lightness of the atmosphere. Medical men from all parts of the United States are sending thither cases of consumption, and it is said on the highest authority that if this be done in the early stages of that insidious and terrible disease, there is hope of a considerable prolongation of life, even if an absolute cure is not effected. Colorado Springs, Manitou, Potosi, Trimble, Cañon City, Poncho, and Denver itself, are the principal health resorts that have been established thus far, although every year largely adds to the number. At most of these places there are mineral or thermal springs, the fame of which was established long ago among the Indians. Large hotels and sanatoriums have been built, and others are in course of erection to meet the rapidly growing demand of invalids coming in search of health, and of the overworked and broken-down who seek repose. Some of the springs are said to furnish specifics for rheumatism, gout, Bright's disease, dyspepsia, affections of the kidneys, and other ills to which flesh is heir. As a pleasure resort, also, this wonderful and magnificent State furnishes great attractions, now that the facilities of travel have been so much increased.

Leadville can be reached direct from Denver by the Union Pacific Road, or by a branch from Salida on that of the Denver and Rio Grande. By either route there is an ascent of five thousand feet, through grand and weird mountain scenery.

At present there are said to be about eighteen thousand inhabitants, the number fluctuating with the state of the mining industry. Ever and anon a "boom" is got up over some venture which is asserted to yield enormous and unparalleled results, and then there is a rush of people and an outburst of speculation, both locally and extending to New York. This is followed by a reaction, and by corresponding dullness and depression, as is always the case where gambling and speculation are the inspiring motives. Leadville consists of one broad, main thoroughfare, with a few smaller parallel streets, and others intersecting, all of them rough, full of holes, with wooden sidewalks at irregular levels, acting as traps for the unwary, and lined mostly with houses of wood, or "frame-buildings," as they are termed. There are a few pretentious stores, but most of them are of the plainest and meanest description, as if the occupiers meant to remain only long enough to make their fortunes. One anomalous but significant feature is presented by several jewellers' shops, in the windows of which are exhibited enormous diamonds, or what profess to be such, labelled at prices from £200 to £800 each. Successful miners bedeck themselves and their female connections with these ornaments in the form of rings, pins, studs, and brooches, to an extent that is grotesque in its vulgar display.

Drinking, gambling, music, and dancing-saloons abound, and their doors are never closed from the beginning of the year to its end. The principal avenue is crowded with these horrible dens of infamy, where, for a licence of £100 a year, paid to the municipality, drunkenness and debauchery run riot. High drinking and high play are the rule, and it is no uncommon thing for miners, who earn from twelve to sixteen shillings a day, Sundays included, to come into the town after drawing a portion of their wages or the monthly balance, and then lose the whole in a few minutes over a reckless game at cards. In some of these gambling dens, at almost any hour of the day or night, may be seen excited, noisy, drunken, quarrelsome groups, and the knife and the revolver are constantly used in the disputes that take place.

The police do not interfere with broils which occur within the saloons, and passers-by become stolidly accustomed to the sound of pistol-shots and of loud quarrelling, which are held to denote that some troublesome or dangerous person has been put out of the way. Scarcely a day passes without such scenes of violence and bloodshed, and it is still unsafe for a well-dressed stranger to venture into one of the side streets after dark, lest he should be beset and maltreated by gangs of ruffians, or ordered to "throw up hands" while his pockets are rifled, the alternative being a bullet or a stab. During a recent visit by the writer there were three such outrages within forty-eight hours, besides two murders in saloons and the shooting of a desperado in the streets by a policeman in self-defence. Vigilance committees are in existence, especially beyond the immediate precincts of the town, on the way to the numerous mines that lie around it. Men go in small companies for mutual protection, exercising special



vigilance at points likely to shelter some miscreant with a gun or a revolver; and once in a while a hue and cry is raised, and people turn out to chase and hunt down some notorious scoundrel whose deeds are too daring even for that not over-refined community. Of the female part of the population it is not possible to say much. In number they are a small minority, and, with comparatively few exceptions, their character is most unsavoury and repulsive. Any more sad and loathsome specimens than are to be seen in and around the drinking and dancing saloons it is impossible to conceive.

It will be asked whether there are no humanising and Christian agencies at work amidst these terrible scenes? Undoubtedly there are, but the soil is so rank that much of the seed fails to grow. There are day-schools, as is the case in every part of the United States, for education is carried on whatever else may be systematically neglected. Churches of various denominations are seen, including Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Roman Catholic, and others. The entire attendance is said to be less than a thousand, or not one-eighteenth part of the population. There are Sunday-schools poorly attended, and a few devoted men and women who are trying their utmost to mitigate the evils of this seething mass of drunkenness and profligacy.

But, for the most part, Sunday is exactly like other days, so far as regards general business and pleasure. The mines and the smelting-houses are in full blast, nearly all the shops are open and do a roaring trade, the saloons and all places of amusements, including the opera-house, are crowded, the newspapers are published, and in most instances the only difference observable is in the dress and jewellery of the people who throng the streets, and in the sumptuous equipages, drawn by fast horses, in the afternoon and evening.

Yet many of these persons have moved in respectable society, and their ranks contain representatives from the legal, medical, and clerical professions, who have become bankrupt in reputation and have gradually sunk lower and lower. Some were attracted to the mining camp by exaggerated tales of wealth to be easily obtained in the new El Dorado, and, after repeated attempts and failures, cherishing lofty hopes that have ended in blank disappointment, they are glad to hire themselves out at three or four dollars a day, still indulging the dream of some time being lucky enough to light upon a bonanza. If, as occasionally happens, they are frugal enough to save half out of their four or five guineas of wages per week—the other half being absorbed in the rough style of living—they are usually tempted to embark in some venture that is almost certain to end in disaster. For one man who succeeds in this way it is not too much to assert that five hundred fail. Even where the venture proves to be profitable it is almost certain to lead to others more or less hazardous, for the spirit of gambling pervades the place, and it seems impossible for a man to escape from the maelstrom when once he has been drawn into the fascinating but fatal vortex. Hence tales are continually told of men

known or thought to be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a few days before, all acquired in a short time, who have been suddenly reduced to the primitive poverty from which they had risen. Most of the money thus made ultimately finds its way, though only for a time, into the hands of mining speculators, gamblers, and promoters, who have also done so much to relieve unwise English investors of money that might as well have been thrown into the sea as sunk in the false and villainous schemes submitted by craft to public credulity.

The carbonate ore is found in the Leadville district on a series of seven hills within two or three miles of the town; the specific gravity greatly varying, even in the same mine. Some have yielded several millions' worth of dollars, and are still productive. Others, after furnishing a considerable amount of high grade ore for a short time, and arousing thereby much expectation, have suddenly given out and are abandoned.

In the Wolf Tone Mine an ore bed thirty-two feet in thickness, and of unknown length, is now being worked, yielding an average of £8 worth of silver to the ton. The wages and working expenses of this mine are about £360 a week, and the net yield is £1,600. Many other instances might be mentioned; some more and some less profitable. The depth of this mine is 700 feet, and several miles of lateral workings have been driven.

Occasionally the ore is found near the surface, and while the general trend is pretty well known there are frequent "faults" met with which puzzle mining engineers, and involve large outlay to determine the future course. The average expense of sinking a shaft is about £10 a fathom, and several thousands of pounds have sometimes to be expended in order to ascertain whether a claim is likely to prove remunerative in working. As the galleries are driven horizontally, the roof and sides have to be supported by stout timbers, owing to the friable nature of the soil; and in the productive mines tiers of such supports are seen one above another, as the precious earth has been removed to acquire its mineral treasure. The mere cost of all this supporting woodwork is very great, because, Leadville being far above the timber line, every strut and plank has to be transported at much expense.

Some of the mines are very wet, and costly pumping machinery has to be provided and kept working in order to keep down the water. Frequent disputes and litigation arise between neighbouring owners out of alleged trespass below ground, especially where the temptation exists to break into a mine of exceptional wealth.

The men work on shifts of eight hours, so that there are three gangs every twenty-four hours, Sunday included.

The hills are irregularly dotted with the rude log-huts in which the miners live, usually eight or ten together, turns being taken in the preparation of the meals. In the inside of the cabins there is usually a double tier of bunks for sleeping, and the furniture and appliances are rough in the extreme. Yet some of these men

have been accustomed to the comforts of life, and even to its luxuries, although the majority are the scum and refuse of a floating population to be found in all great cities.

Occasionally the miners hire a few square feet of surface from some wealthy individual owner or a company, agreeing to pay one-twentieth or more of the proceeds, with liberty to go down as deep as they can. Now and then this proves successful, otherwise, when the hirers have exhausted their little means, they abandon the attempt, and resume work as day labourers.

As the carbonate ore is extracted a sample is roughly assayed; other samples are placed in sealed bottles, one of which is taken to one of the smelting works, and after being tested a price is offered for the bulk, or it is prepared for market at the owner's risk, as may be agreed.

Last year 18,000,000 dollars' worth of silver (or £3,600,000 sterling) was raised in the Leadville camp, and this quantity will probably be exceeded during the current year, for some of the principal mines are still highly productive, and others are continually being prospected. This mining camp is only one out of a number in Colorado that render the State first among the silver-producing regions of America. It still ranks fourth for gold.

This enormous output of silver from Colorado, Nevada, Montana, and elsewhere is creating a serious difficulty about the currency, and is giving rise to much controversy, first of all in the United States, and then in European countries. The "silver kings" of the West succeeded in forcing a measure through Congress some years ago providing that a million of silver dollars should be coined weekly in the United States' mints. The quantity has been reduced of late, but is still far in excess of the requirements of the country, and many millions are now stored in the Treasury vaults at Washington and elsewhere, so that large additional buildings have had to be taken for purposes of storage. People will not accept these heavy silver dollars, which are as large and nearly as heavy as the old crown-pieces of English currency, preferring the paper notes of the various national banks, guaranteed by the United States bonds deposited in Washington. The weight of these silver dollars is not the only objection, eight or ten of them being a serious encumbrance, for, in addition, each contains only 78 per cent. of silver; so that in the event of a bi-metallic currency ever coming into force, the holders of silver dollars would lose to the extent of 22 per cent., or more than one-fifth of the nominal value.

Besides this, certificates are issued by the Treasury for silver deposited in bulk, and these are negotiable. Successive Secretaries of the Treasury have strongly urged a suspension of this practice, and also of the silver coinage, but in vain. Any one can obtain at the mints, in exchange for gold or United States bonds, silver coinage at the full discount, as regulated by the market value.

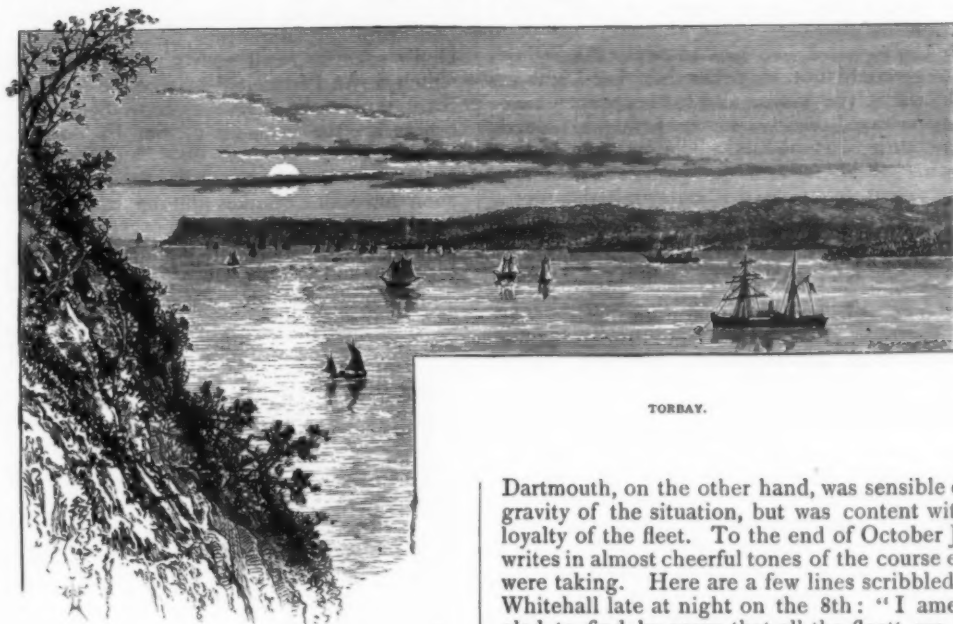
However convenient this may be to debtors, who have to pay, it is extremely objectionable to creditors, who have to receive. The only check at present is in the persistent refusal of people to accept more than three or four of these heavy coins at one time. But the market value of goods is affected, and unless a change is promptly made, the disturbance will be serious. In England, where the actual value of silver coinage is also one-fifth less than the nominal value, as judged by the market price of silver in comparison with gold, an amount beyond forty shillings is no legal tender, and no one is compelled to accept more than that sum in payment of a debt. A similar precaution will have to be adopted in America for the sake of the community at large, if the existing rate of silver coinage is maintained. Hitherto the political influence of the silver-producing States, and the financial and social power of the "silver kings," have been brought to bear upon Congress, with the results already described; and, human nature being what it is, they are not likely to relax the efforts prompted by their own selfish interests. Even if less alloy were used, and the nominal and actual value of the silver dollar were brought into approximate agreement, the inconvenience of such bulky and heavy articles would raise a continual protest, while, in addition, if the yield of silver goes on at the present increasing ratio, its market value must be seriously affected, and the proportion between its worth and that of gold would be constantly shifting, to the derangement of commerce and industry.

Apart from mere political considerations in the United States, and the exigencies of party strife, the silver question would have settled itself ere this; but the great financial authorities of the country, and the leading manufacturers and merchants, are beginning to perceive the risks involved by tampering with the public currency. A few owners of silver mines, money speculators, contractors, railroad kings, and political adventurers have grown enormously rich, but farmers, tradesmen, artisans, and the community at large have had to suffer; and the end is not yet.



## THE FLIGHT OF JAMES THE SECOND.

DECEMBER 23, 1688.



TORBAY.

THE 23rd of December, two hundred years ago, witnessed the flight from England of the last of its Stuart kings. The event and the circumstances leading up to it are well known—so well, indeed, that to repeat them here would expose the writer to the risk of a charge of inflicting a lesson in very elementary history on the readers of these pages. Yet some points in the story, and the views and sentiments of the *dramatis personæ*, as they appear in contemporary correspondence—now lying in the muniment room at Patshull, in the possession of the Earl of Dartmouth, a descendant of one of James's most skilled naval commanders—are worthy of more detailed consideration than they have yet received, and a word or two about them may perhaps be a useful way of commemorating in the "Leisure Hour" the bicentenary of the revolution of 1688.

On the first rumour that the Prince of Orange was about to attempt a landing in England, Lord Dartmouth was placed in command of the fleet sent to cruise between this country and Holland. The slenderest study of the papers at Patshull demonstrates the warm personal friendship that existed between James and his admiral, and the entire absence of reserve in speaking of the most delicate matters of State, renders the correspondence of immeasurable importance. Ignorance of the real state of public feeling in the autumn of 1688, and a belief (expressed so firmly that it is hard to believe it not genuine) in the fact that God was directing him in every action, shows himself in almost every letter written by the king.

Dartmouth, on the other hand, was sensible of the gravity of the situation, but was content with the loyalty of the fleet. To the end of October James writes in almost cheerful tones of the course events were taking. Here are a few lines scribbled from Whitehall late at night on the 8th: "I am very glad to find by yours that all the fleet are in so good hart; I assure you the troupes here are so to. I have not tyme to say more, being called to supper.—J. R." Again: "I make no doubt but that God will protect and prosper my arms both by sea and land." These words were written on the 14th. A week later he says, referring to the change in the wind, which had remained easterly for some days: "I see God Almighty continues his protection of mee by bringing the wind westerly againe, which will give you an opportunity to gett out, and hinder the enemy from coming over, and give you an opportunity of wayting on them when they shall come out. I grow stronger every day at land, by the Scots and Irish coming neare the towne, and the forwardnesse of severall the new raised regiments of horse and foott, so that in a very few days I shall be much stronger then I now am. I shall dispatch those ships which are in the river as fast after you as I can. I have not tyme to say more to you now, be assured I shall always be kind to you and yours.—J. R."

Such being the king's feeling, we can understand the blow that was dealt him by the news that, despite Lord Dartmouth's constant watch, the Prince of Orange had, on the 5th of November, actually landed on English soil. "Intelligence from the west," dated on that day, and received at the Admiralty on the 6th, said that "this afternoone there is come into Torbay a great fleete of Dutch, and are come to anchor there," and that several of the ships had landed soldiers there, "the prince himselfe goeing on shore." James, though his mind seems to have



wavered much as to the best move to make, at last determined to gather his forces at Salisbury and march against his nephew. We know that it was in executing this move that the widespread disaffection of his forces first made itself apparent to him. Still he had hopes of the loyalty of the west, as is shown by the few lines he wrote to Lord Dartmouth on the 9th:

"By the newse I had this morning the Prince of Orange could not be soner then last night at Exeter, where the mayor and townespeople have hitherto behaved themselves very loyally, as indeed all the country thereabouts. The traine marches to-morrow, the horse and foott gards the begining of next weeke, as well as the Scots and Irish foott. I intend to send my owne horses and bagage on tuesday next, and to follow myself by the end of the weeke, and to leave London well garded. I have not tyme to say more.—J. R."

At the councils held in London during the next week the abject attitude he adopted shows that he at last realised the true state of affairs which grew daily—nay, hourly—worse and worse. So soon as the councils were over he left London to join the force he had gathered at Salisbury; here news of further desertions awaited him, and after a short stay he turned back towards London, sleeping the night at Andover. On sending an invitation to his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, to sup with him, he learnt for the first time that he, too, had gone over to the enemy—news that made him naturally apprehensive as to the fidelity of his daughter, the Princess Anne. He therefore sent messengers from Andover to Whitehall to prevent her flight, should it be in contemplation; but the messenger could not or would not arrive in time, and James heard with the utmost distress that she had followed Prince George. "God help me!" he sobbed; "my very children have forsaken me!" James hastened back to London and hastily summoned a council at Whitehall to consider the position of affairs; late at night on the 26th of November Pepys, by the king's direction, wrote to Lord Dartmouth that "his majesty has thought it not becoming him to part with a daughter without some yet more solemn inquiry made into the ground of it, and has this night required all the prince and princess's servants that had any relation of service upon the person of the princess, both men and women of every degree, to be immediately found out and confined to their chambers till they have passed a very strict examination by a committee of the council touching their knowledge in any part of the premises, and this, in order to his majesty's acquainting both the privy councill and my lord mayor and aldermen of London to-morrow with the results of the said examinations. Of which, whatever shall arise materiall therein, more than I have been able to hear to tell you, you shall not faile to have from me in my next." Lord Dartmouth acknowledged the news on the 28th of November. "Your majestie," he wrote, "will easily believe, with what grief of heart I write this, to finde what usage your Majestie hath received."

At Spithead, Dartmouth had himself noticed how events of the past week were affecting popular

sympathy and shaking the trust of the king's former friends—"I finde," he says, "a great alteration in most people's faces since my coming in hither, not for want of loyaltie in most of your commanders, but the dayly impressions they receive make them stand amased." And then, as one of the quickly decreasing number of the king's constitutional supporters he concludes: "For God's sake, sir, call your great councell and see which way a Parliament may be best called, for I feare nothing will give a stopp but that, and if others are the cause it cannot be done, it will no longer lie at your door, and if it may be acceptable to you or a reall service, you will soon have the thankes and approbation of your whole fleet with assurance of standing by your majestie in it, but this your majestie can best judge of, and I hope you will excuse the thoughts of a faithfull servant, for such I have ever been, and by the blessing of God will persist in it till my live's end." The flight of the princess turned the king's thoughts at once to the safety of his infant son, and induced him to think of adopting the unconstitutional expedient of sending him out of the country—an expedient which struck with dismay his less panic-stricken followers who, though they had seen the danger whilst he was callous of it, still hoped for the restitution of the king's power with a constitutional government. Foremost amongst these was Lord Dartmouth himself, whom James desired to assist in carrying out his design by sending the Prince of Wales to France. The correspondence of the king and his admiral on this point forms an interesting episode in the story.

On the 25th of November James wrote the following letter to Lord Dartmouth:

"I send this to you by the Lord Dover, whom I send to Portsmouth to command in chief there. I am a going back to London myself intending to be there to-morrow, and have ordered all my army to quarter along the river, beginning at Marlo. He will tell you how Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton are gone over to the enemy with some others. I have charged Lord Dover also to speake with you of my intentions concerning my sonne, and you must follow Lord Dover's directions as to what concerns our sayd sonne by being assisting to him in what direction I have given him by word of mouth. I have not tyme to say more.—JAMES R."

Four days later he wrote again to Lord Dartmouth from Whitehall. The Great Council of Peers had by that time assembled at Whitehall and placed their demands—a parliament, a pardon, accommodation with the Prince of Orange, and the dismissal of every Roman Catholic from his service—plainly before him. Mr. Pepys, he tells the admiral, will have told him of the "ill condition" of his affairs on shore. The preservation and fidelity of the fleet under Lord Dartmouth's command was, therefore, of the foremost importance. Then, referring to the departure of the Prince of Wales, he continues: "This is the second letter I write to you on the subject of my sonne, though the other, [which] was from Andover, as I remember, will not have been delivered



to you sooner than this. That was not given to you sooner, hoping still things would not have been so very bad as they are. 'Tis my sonne they aime at and 'tis my sonne I must endeavour to preserve, whatsoever becomes of me. Therefore, I conjure you to assist Lord Dover in getting him sent away in the yachts as sone as wind and weather will permitt, for the first port they can gett to in France, and that with as much secrecy as may be, and soe that [none] but trustye men may be put in the yachts, that he may be exposed to no other danger but that of the sea, and know I shall look on this as one of the greatest pieces of service you can do me.—JAMES R."

In a postscript he expresses his intention of delaying a little the prince's departure, but the young prince was duly brought to Portsmouth in the charge of Lord and Lady Powis, and late at night on the 1st of December James wrote to Lord Dartmouth urging the prince's immediate departure to France, and stating that, though he had good reason "to mistrust mankind," he had still unabated confidence in Dartmouth's fidelity. The extreme secrecy that the King observed in sending his son to Portsmouth, and in the measures he had taken for conveying him from thence, prove that he was fully alive to the gravity of the act. The officers at Portsmouth would not believe that Dartmouth could be cognizant of the King's intentions, and hastened to inform him of them, "knowing very well what trouble and misery this kingdome may sustain for the future if his escape be not prevented; for he'll prove a second Perkin Warbeck."

Dartmouth seems to have received all these letters together at Spithead on the 2nd of December. He read them in order, and, as he says in his answer of the 3rd, was in hopes, from the indications the king showed of delaying the order for the prince's sailing, that "the many undeniable reasons" against resorting to such an expedient would oblige him to alter his resolution. But Dartmouth's hopes were dashed by the later letters, from which he says, "with the greatest dread and griefe of heart imaginable, I understand your Majesty insists on your former intentions as to sending away the prince and conjures me to be assisting therein."

The remainder of this earnest appeal from a loyal supporter of the king, and also of the reformed religion, is worthy of quotation:

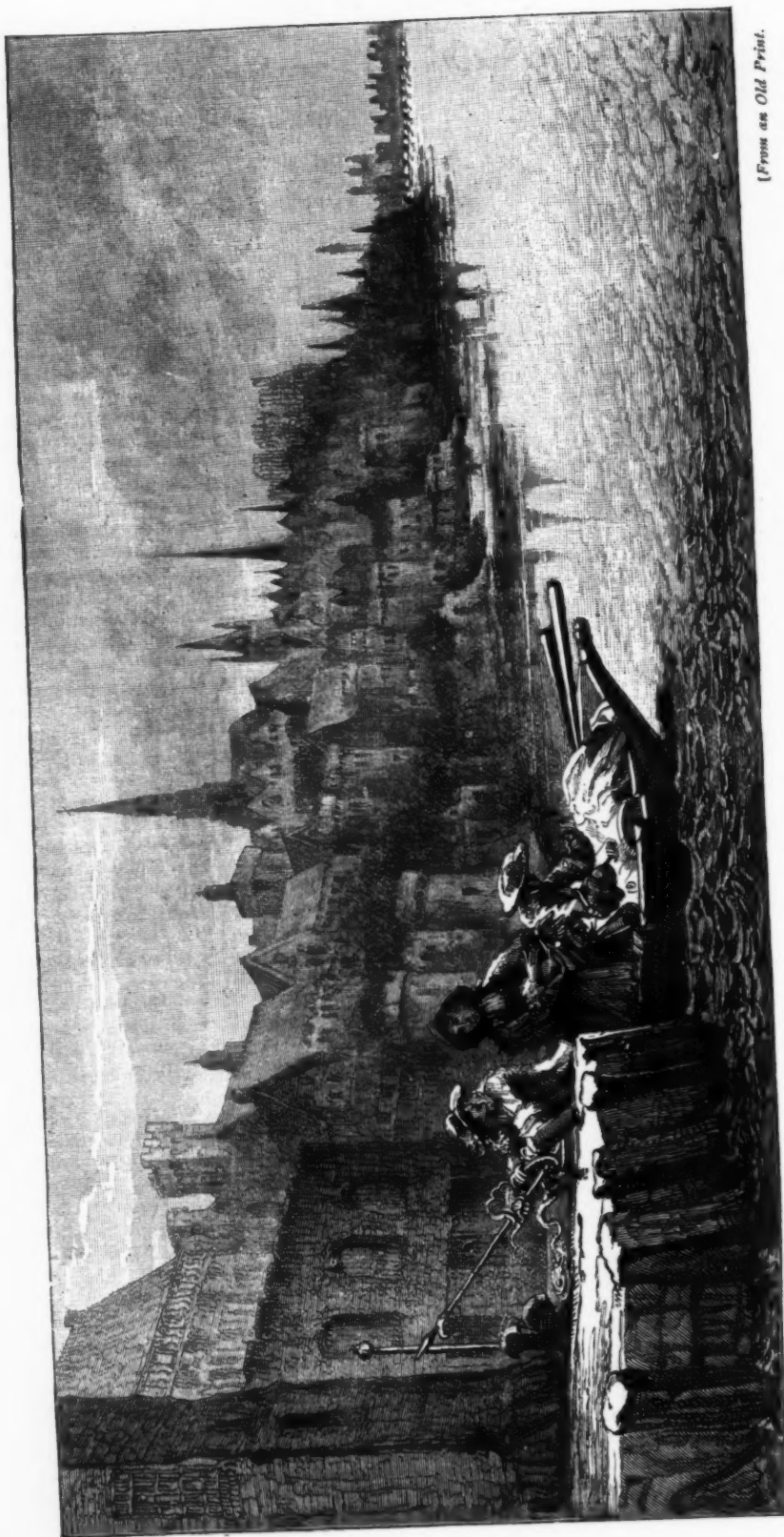
"I need not tell your Majestie how strict the lawes are in this matter, nor, after soe many experiences of duty and loyalty to your person, lay before you fresh assurances of giving ready obedience to any commands within my power. But to be guilty of treason to your Majestie and the known lawes of ye kingdom of so high a nature as this, when your Majestie shall further deliberate on't, I most humbly hope you will not exact it from me, nor long entertain so much as a thought of doing that which will give your enemies an advantage, though never so falsely grounded, to distrust your son's just right which you have asserted and manifested to the world (in the matter of his beinge your reale sonne borne of the queene) by the testimony of many apparent witnesses.

"Pardon me, therefore, sir, if on my bended knees I beg of you to apply yourselfe to other counsels, for the doing this lookes like nothing less than despaire to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who I do not despaire but will yett stand by you in the defence and right of your lawfull successor.

"Your Majestie knowes I have always professed myself of the Church of England, and I humbly appeal to you if ever I gave you promises of being of any other? The sending away of the Prince of Wales without the consent of the nation is at no time advisable, and therefore doing it, at this time especially, and that to France, being what I dread will be of fatal consequence to your person, crown, and dignity. And all your people will (too probably) grow so much concerned at this your great mistrust as to throw off their bounden allegiance to you, which God forbid. Wherefore, pray, sir, consider further on this weighty point, for can the prince's being sent to France have other prospect than the entailing a perpetuall warre, and giving France always a temptation to molest, invade, nay, hazard the conquest of England, which I hope in God never to see, but that we may have this prince of your own loines to rule over us. The most I can apprehend your Majestie may be jealous of is his being brought up in the religion of the Church of England, and that ought (for his royal highness's sake especially) to be the prayers of every honest, loyall subject. Pardon, therefore, sir, that I most earnestly implore you not to make me the unhappy instrument of so apparent ruin to your Majestie and my countrey as an acte of this kind will be; and I hope your Majestie will not suffer it to be done by any other, for I can forsee nothing else from it than the putting in hazard your oune sacred person, and the queene's, and making England the most miserable nation in the world. God in His infinite mercy will preserve you and your royall issue, and the Church of England will defend you in all your just rights, and remove the disturbers of your peace, and settle you as great and firm on your throne as any of your predecessors."

Whether or not James was moved by this passionate appeal is uncertain, but he ordered the return of the Prince of Wales to Whitehall, to the infinite satisfaction of Lord Dartmouth, who proposed sending him up to London across country, as the road was free from the enemy, and as he considered there could not be "an unsafer season than this for the sea." However, if James judged otherwise, Dartmouth would himself convey the prince "safe into Margate Road," and send the yacht, with the prince on board, up the river, "for," says the admiral, "noe place can be so safe for his Royall Highnesse as by your owne royall person and the Queene's, nor so satisfactory to you both."

But had Dartmouth known the king's reasons for allowing his son to return to town, he would not have written in such a satisfied strain. James had consented to the prince being brought from Portsmouth because, with Caryll, the queen's secretary, he had planned a way by which the boy



[From an Old Print.]

FLIGHT OF KING JAMES ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 11, 1688.

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and his mother might escape from England by another route; indeed, before these arrangements were entirely settled upon, the king had himself determined to fly the kingdom. It is not easy to decide which of the constantly occurring symptoms of popular discontent finally decided the king to withdraw; probably the hostile attitude taken up with the Londoners against the Roman Catholic inhabitants, coupled with the Prince of Orange's near approach towards the city, and his refusal to meet the king's commissioners, settled his wavering mind. At two in the morning of the

the queene and my sonne, which I hope I have done, and that by to-morrow by noone they will be out of the reach of my enemys. I am at ease now I have sent them away, I have not heard this day, as I expected, from my commissioners with the Prince of Orange, who, I believe, will hardly be prevailed with to stop his march, so I am in no good condition, nay, as bad a one as it is possible. I am sending the Duke of Berwick down to Portsmouth, by whom you shall know my resolution concerning the fleet under your command, and what resolutions I have taken, till



*From a Contemporary Medal*

WILLIAM III.

*[in the Medal-room of the British Museum.]*

10th of December, the queen and her child escaped across the river from Whitehall, landed at Lambeth, and were hastily driven off to Gravesend, where they embarked on board Lord Powis's yacht and sailed in safety to Calais.

James hastened to communicate the news to his trusty admiral, and surely it does not need a very powerful imagination to picture the feelings with which he did so. Dartmouth had put his view of such a policy before him as plainly as ever minister expressed his sentiments to his sovereign. The king's last hope was the fidelity of the navy, and of Dartmouth at its head, and such a move as he had now taken was almost the only one that could shake that fidelity. It was a desperate remedy for a desperate ill. "Things," he wrote to Dartmouth on the 10th, "having so very bad a prospect, I could no longer defer securing

when, I would not have you stir from the place where you are for several reasons.

JAMES R."

Dartmouth received this letter on the 12th, but, as he notes upon it, no orders were brought him by the Duke of Berwick, "as within mentioned," and, "tho' he be come to towne, he tells me the king neither sent my orders by him nor so much as told him at his coming away what he would have me do." These words give us an insight into the king's state of mind at this time—the time, it will be remembered, that, taking from the Lord Chancellor the unissued writs for the new parliament, he thrust them into the fire. Before the day was out, he had written to Dartmouth to tell him of his own resolve to take to flight.

"My affairs are, as you know, in so desperate a condition that I have been obliged to send away



the queene and the prince, to secure them, at least, what soever becomes of me, that am resolved to venture all rather than consent to anything in the least prejudicial to the crowne or my conscience, and having been basely deserted by many officers and souldiers of my troupes, and finding such an infection gott amongst very many of those who still continu with me on shore, and that the same poysons is gott amongst the fleett, as you yourself owne to me in some of your letters, I could no longer resolve to expose myself to no purpose to what I might expect from the ambitious Prince of Orange and the assosiated rebellious lords, and, therefore, have resolved to withdraw till this violent storme is over, which will be in God's good tyme, and hope that there will still remaine in this land seven thousand men, which will not bow downe the knee to Baal, and keep themselves free from assosiations and such rebellious practices. I know not whether any of the fleett under your command are free to continu serving me; if they are, their best course will be to go to Ireland, where there are still some that will stick to me. If any are free to go, order them thither to follow such orders as they shall receive from Lord Tyrconnel. If they will not there is no remedy, and this, I may say, never any prince took more care of his sea and land men as I have done, and been so very ill repayed by them. I have not tyme to say more being just a-going to take horse.

JAMES R.

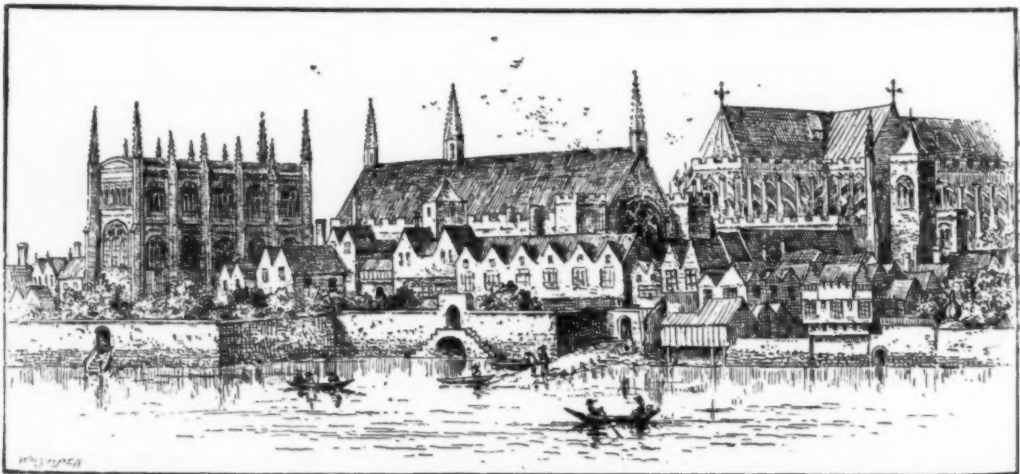
When Dartmouth received this letter, news had reached him of James's withdrawal from other sources, and he saw no other course open but to look to William of Orange as the person able to restore order in the kingdom. The previous letter from James communicating the departure of the Prince of Wales and the absence of definite instructions as to the movements of the fleet had probably gone far towards inducing this resolve. In his letter, written on the 14th of December, to the council at the Guildhall that had assembled to carry on the government on the king's with-

drawal, he says he has, with the unanimous concurrence of the fleet, addressed himself to the Prince of Orange "for the better effecting and settling of all things that conduce to the king and kingdome's general safety and good, wherein I promise to contribute as farre as in my power, and therefore, humbly referring your lordships for all further occurrences of the fleet to the particular account thereof, I have with this sent to Mr. Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty."

Two days before, he had received the following invitation from William, written so far back as the 29th of November:

"My Lord,—The Protestant religion and the liberties of England being now at stake, I cannot believe you will contribute towards the destruction of either; I therefore send you this letter to invite you earnestly to joyne the fleete under your command with mine, and to declare, as I have done in my declaration, for the religion and liberties. It wilbe an act so commendable that it will not only oblige me for ever to be your friend, but even to study which way I may show my kindnesse to you in the most particular manner. I expect and desire you to consider well of this my proposition and advice, and that I may speedily receive the news of your compliance, which will make me your affectionate friend."

Let us now turn to follow the fugitive king. Soon after midnight on the 10th he quitted Whitehall, disguised as a country gentleman, and took a hackney coach to the "Horseferry." Here he hired a boat across the river, dropping the great seal into the water as he went. At Vauxhall, where he and his companions landed, they found horses awaiting them, and on these they hurried across country to Faversham, and got on board a Custom House hoy which had been engaged to convey them to France; but the boat lacked ballast, and after tacking about for a while had finally to run ashore near Sheerness. Here they were boarded from some vessels which, it seems, had been watching the mouth of the Thames to hinder the



WESTMINSTER HALL AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

[From a Contemporary Print.]



flight of any of the royal family who might attempt escape from England. The hoy floated with the tide back to Faversham, carrying on board her the king, who was virtually a prisoner. At Faversham he remained in the hands of the mob, who, says Lady Dartmouth, in a letter to her husband, "rifled his pockets and took away all from him." In London the flight of the king had been followed with the most distressing riots. The houses of the Roman Catholics and their chapels had been sacked, even the foreign embassies did not escape. For a time the mob seemed masters of the city. James was besought to return even by those who had been alienated from him by his recent flight, and in answer to these entreaties he returned to Whitehall. In a letter written to Lord Dartmouth from the Navy Board on the 17th of December, the writer says: "The king came through the town last night, and was attended through the streets to Whitehall with great shoals of people and bells ringing. I waited on his majesty this morning to have directions how we are to proceed at our Board, who told me that he could not tell me how to direct me. But just now we are assured the king has declared the Prince of Orange generalissimo by sea and land; the king desired a guard from his highness, telling him he had more assurance of those than his own—a sad state for a prince but yesterday so great. In a word the Prince [of Orange] issues his orders to all the troops already." The Prince of Orange was too good a diplomatist to desire to keep James a

prisoner in England; nothing would better serve his cause than that the Stuart king should fly for shelter from his own people to Catholic France; he himself had by this time reached Windsor, and was about to proceed to London. In order, therefore, to avoid arriving at Whitehall till James had quitted it, he sent orders for the king's removal to a house on Ham Common; but James, for very obvious reasons, desired to withdraw to Rochester, and William, for reasons equally apparent, consented. At Rochester he was placed in a house, the garden of which ran down to the water's edge. Here his friends had free access to him. Lord Middleton urged him to remain true to his country, and still, if possible, restore order and government; but James, remembering his father's words, "There is short distance between a king's prison and his grave," listened rather to those who counselled him to seek his own safety, and on the 23rd of December, unmolested by the Dutch guards, took ship to France, where he landed without adventure at Ambleteuse on Christmas Day.

Thus, without obstacle from his actual foes, and with all but indifference from his nominal friends, James II quitted his crown and kingdom. The absence, from the story of his flight, of either stirring or romantic incident, is the more remarkable when we remember that he belonged to a family whose history is certainly interwoven with a superabundance of both.

W. J. HARDY.

### A PLEA FOR PUSSY.

"BUT after all, it does seem somewhat strange for a *man* to write about cats."

These are the words with which an American newspaper closed a review of my first book on the harmless, necessary cat. And this was thirteen years ago. Since that time—in this country, at all events, if not among our faster-living neighbours across the Atlantic—Pussy has taken a considerably higher stand in society. I sincerely trust the reader will not imagine that I am taking the credit of this. Place it rather to the account of Harrison Weir and Jenner Weir, and to the numerous writers in the "Animal World."

Probably the American sheet—the review was a very kindly one—imagined a book on cats would have fallen more naturally from the pen of an old maid. Yet, strange to say, at the numerous shows held now here and there all over the country, men are the principal exhibitors and prize-winners. This is one reason why I think that Pussy is quite as great a favourite with the master as with the mistress in a family, though the former may not take the trouble to say so. And here is another reason: wherever men are met together, if nothing more exciting be on the board, one has only to tell a strange story of cat-life to draw every soul

in the room out with some anecdote bearing on the same subject. And these anecdotes will mostly be original. But nobody need wonder at men being fond of cats, for when well treated about a house, and her comforts seen to, there is no creature ever domesticated so perfectly confiding and kindly as Pussy. And only those of my readers who thoroughly know the animal will understand one-half that is implied in that adjective, "confiding."

Of course, cats are but little understood, and their character is grossly belied. For this we have to thank the older natural history compilers, the modern ones, who heedlessly compile from these, and last, but not least, our school-books. Children in their infancy are taught to believe that cats are treacherous, that they are thieves by nature and incapable of honesty, that they have no real affection for master or mistress, and love the places where they live far more than the people who own them. Now the reverse of all this happens to be true, as any one will readily admit who has owned cats, treated them well, and understood them.

Here is one example in proof of what I assert, and experience could adduce a thousand such. A gentleman from abroad brought some species of

wild cats, which, from the appearance of the kittens I have seen, could not have been very distinct from our own Persian. They were of large size, however, and preferred living and breeding in the woods. One of the progeny, a very handsome specimen indeed, got so far tamed as to visit a farm every evening at milking-time, always sitting in the doorway, however, so as to secure a free exit in case of treachery. Nothing of the kind was forthcoming, and in time this strange, wild waif permitted himself to become the pet of a little boy, and to be installed as the house cat. He remained, however, somewhat fierce to all save the child, and certainly never sang on any one else's lap. The boy never chastised him, but lectured him kindly with uplifted forefinger on the impropriety of taking anything off the table, or interfering with the liberties of the pet canary. The animal was well fed, and fed with regularity, and waxed fat, and remained faithful and honest, but on the family removing to another farm some miles distant this cat, if he had only acted up to the character given of his race in books, would have remained at the old place, or gone back to it. He did neither. He trotted by the side of his little master to his new abode, and contentedly remained there.

The reason why the child succeeded in taming this semi-wild cat was undoubtedly this—he treated him with gentleness and kind consideration. He possessed the happy faculty that all wild-beast trainers have of being able to put himself in the cat's place, as it were, and view matters from a feline standpoint.

It is a fact that all animals will meet force with force, hate with hate, and love with love. But you cannot deceive them. Your kindness for them must come from the heart, or it is thrown away. It is a very common thing in Scotland for a fierce bull about a farm to take to some boy or girl, and be entirely unmanageable by any one else. Fancy a wee lass of thirteen years of age walking smilingly up to a great red-eyed bull—that had just been rampaging round the country, followed by men with pitchforks—smoothing his nose with her tiny hand, guiding him to his stall, and presenting him with a huge turnip “for being good!” I have known many similar cases.

Years ago I remember a “wild” fawn-bull that was uncontrollable except under the charge of the little “herd lassie.” No one else dared go near him. One day it came on to rain heavily, and the “herd lassie” left the field for a few minutes and dressed herself in a coat belonging to one of the men. On her return she was sitting in the field, when the bull attacked her from behind, and before assistance came had torn her almost limb from limb.

As with bulls, and all wild animals that never can be managed by force alone, so with cats. Once gain Pussy's confidence, and she becomes the most engaging of pets, and, if properly treated, both honest and sincere.

I do not believe with Heine in the “occult sympathy between children and animals as between two races that have not long been separated.”

But I grant to the child the possession of innocence and the absence of all desire to hurt, and to the cat or other pet animal a power of discrimination that serves it in lieu of another sense. The sympathy spoken of exists not only between children and animals, but between animals and many adults. I know a man who calls himself Naturalist on his signboard because he deals in live birds and animals, whose confidence in them is most remarkable, and is never misplaced. He handles all sorts of queer pets on his counter just as easily as a lady would finger her muff, but it is stranger still to see him thrust his bare arm into a sack containing fox or badger, brought to him for the first time, and pull it out without getting bitten.

As to the love of cats for their home, it is freely admitted by all who understand the animals, that they are not as a rule fond of flitting, but that they are fonder of the house in which they dwell than of a kind owner cannot be admitted. A cat's liking to its home is not to be wondered at when we consider that, as a rule, she lives when out of doors under a social ban; all who meet her want to kill her—the breeder of pigeons, the man who keeps rabbits or chickens, the individual who owns a garden, the board-school boy, and the butcher's dog. But she has mastered all the outs and ins of her home, and, like a good general, has studied the arts of defence and retreat, so that the latter, at least, is never cut off. She may be sunning herself in a neighbour's geranium-bed, apparently at his mercy as he approaches with a stick behind his back. Yes, but there is a wall quite handy, and Pussy can get over it like lightning. The bit of brick the board-school boy throws at her as she walks along a parapet misses, and she is off before he can aim again. The butcher's terrier flies at her, she springs through the hedge and into a tree; the terrier makes sure of her now, and barks for master; but a branch of that tree hangs near a drain, and the drain brings her out into a field, and in a fair race the dog is nowhere. But, on going to a new abode she has to make all her plans afresh, so it is little wonder she loves the old one where she lived in quiet and safety.

I once had a cat who was my constant travelling companion, and has journeyed with me very many thousands of miles by sea and land. She always had her freedom, but never lost herself, even in strange towns.

Perhaps, in no way is a cat's true nature better exemplified than in what I may term her own private domestic arrangements. Tom is a most devoted husband, and Kitty is the best of mothers. As the cock pigeon takes charge of the nest when the hen is abroad for exercise, so the female cat will often leave the father in charge of her young for a few hours at a time, and a faithful guard he makes.

Here is a curious illustration of this: I had two very beautiful pure white Angora cats some years ago. The female—a not uncommon case with white cats—was stone deaf, and was killed one night by a Newfoundland. After a time widowed Tom consoled himself with the companionship of a neighbour's cat. A most estimable person was this neighbour, but did not understand cats, so

she always turned them out at night. When Pussy was to have kittens she disappeared entirely, and was not seen for a couple of weeks. But something else began to disappear also—the lady's chickens, till out of twenty-two nineteen had gone, and the culprit was my Persian Tom. Passing along by the bottom of the kitchen garden one day, I was surprised to hear kittens mew, and found between the two rows of blackthorn a nest of leaves with three wee kits in it, and close by Tom and Mrs. G——'s cat. There was ample evidence to prove Tom had stolen the chickens to feed his wife, and stolen from his wife's mistress too.

A curious thing occurred in Jersey some few years ago. Two cats had kittens at the same time, and one was spared to each mother, the rest being drowned. In a few days one of these died, and the mother forthwith took and exchanged it for the living one. She stole the living one over and over and again, and finding at last that there was an objection to her doing so, escaped with it out of the house, and reared it at the back of a hay-loft.

"Cat-and-dog" life is an expression we often hear as illustrative of conjugal infelicity. Yet it is a fact well known to breeders of cats that they become much attached to the household dog. I have often seen a Newfoundland nursing a kitten placed in his charge by the mother till she should return from the fields.

I had a black Persian cat and a very game Die-hard terrier, who used constantly to go hunting in couple, and always returned cheek-by-jowl.

Some years ago a gentleman in Fleet Street had two office guards—one a rough Scotch terrier, the other a fine large black cat. The latter was lost, or probably killed in the street; and months went by, when one dreary, wet night the office-keeper heard the terrier scratching for admittance. On the door being opened, the little dog did not come in at once, but ran back, and presently appeared in company with a miserable, bedraggled, half-grown, and starved-looking black kitten. Kindness and good feeding developed the creature into a splendid fellow, and the terrier seemed quite as fond of him as he had been of his former favourite.

I have mentioned cat shows. These have now come to be of monthly occurrence in animal-loving England; and among the more aristocratic breeds, notably Persian and Angora of different colours, the competition is often very keen. It is a good many years ago, probably seventeen, since the first cat show was held at the Crystal Palace. The energetic Mr. Wilson was then manager, and he has told me of the difficulties he had to encounter, and the prejudices he had to battle against, in getting it up. His men had not only to solicit entries, but to beg and borrow cats, and finally to fill up by hook and crook. But the show was a success. The first cat show in Birmingham—I had the honour of judging—was also such a bumper success that hundreds of pounds were made by it, and thousands were turned away from the doors. I remember in the evening of the first day the street was as crowded as if there had been a fire.

Show cats fetch long prices.

The good Prince Howel of Wales, who reigned in the early part of the tenth century, framed protection laws for cats, and put large prices on these animals; for example, a kitling before it could see cost a penny (a penny was a considerable sum in those days); before it caught its first mouse, twopence; and so on. If any one killed a cat belonging to the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe and its lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail with the head touching the floor would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. But this amount of wheat would hardly pay for one of our show kittens nowadays. One pound or thirty shillings is frequently paid for good specimens, and for fully grown Angoras five or even ten pounds is no fancy price.

In these "hard-up times," as they are called, the question might be asked—does it pay to keep cats? The answer is that some people make it pay pretty well, though I would not like to recommend the practice as a new industry. As in the breeding of all other domestic animals, it is absolutely necessary to get the best of stock to begin with. They must be well up in points and properties, as nearly perfect in coat, in colour, in ears and eyes, and shape, as possible. I am talking of the long-haired species. But this is not all nor half; the cats must win at shows else their kittens will not sell. So they must be in show form. The *pelage* must be perfect, and Pussy looking on good terms with herself and everybody round her. I have seen many good specimens passed over by the judges because their coats were in a tangle, and they themselves crouching sulkily and sour-looking at the back of the cage. These poor animals had undoubtedly been neglected at home, and it would not do to encourage their cruel or lazy owners. It is not merely at or near the show-time a Persian cat must look well. She cannot be dressed up in a day nor in a week. She needs constant attention. The fur must never be matted nor soiled. It is brushed every morning and often several times a day. The cat is taught to keep the house at night; she is well-fed on boiled lights, bread-and-milk, rice and broth, fish, etc., and never wants pure water to drink. She frequently has a morsel of fresh butter which encourages her to lick herself. But—and this is a particular point—care must be taken to free the coat from loose hair, else she swallows it, and a disease common to long-haired cats is the result, in which loss of appetite, occasional sickness, and emaciation are the chief discernible symptoms, though, after death, the stomach is sometimes found filled with a ball or balls of matted hair.

Even the most valuable of cats must have a deal of liberty. I believe that all attempts to breed them in out-door cages with runs have been failures. So there is always the danger of their being stolen or trapped or killed. Keeping valuable cats, therefore, is attended with a considerable deal of anxiety.

In some parts of the country it is almost impossible to keep a cat of any kind unmaimed, owing to the cruelty of market gardeners and



others, who place traps for them. The cruelties inflicted on poor Pussy, both in town and country, are far too numerous to be even mentioned here. Cats are stoned and trapped and hunted and worried by dogs, and, moreover, are systematically caught in thousands in every large town, to be killed for their skins.

During the summer holiday, when town houses are shut up and the family is away, the cat is too often turned into the streets to starve. This is a species of cruelty that is a disgrace to a civilised age.

Another form of cruelty is that of starving the animal under the mistaken notion that it will make her a good mouser. It makes her savage and a thief.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought," says Hood. This is especially true as regards the cruelties perpetrated on Pussy by the young and the uneducated. The following was related to me lately by a Scotch lady, who is not only pious, but just a trifle superstitious as well. The story is true, but I shall make no comment on it. A poor woman fond of her cats was taken from home—to hospital, I believe—and in her absence a brutal fellow put all her three pets together in a bag and threw them into the river. Before they died the stream was red with blood. On her return home she sought the fellow out. "You murdered my poor innocent cats," she said, "but ere many months are past you will die a still more awful death." Her words came true. The man, while engaged at mill-work, was caught by the machinery and almost torn to pieces.

A somewhat remarkable though poor old woman died the other day in Scotland. All her life she had been fond of animals, especially cats, of which she owned many, and beauties they were. It was pitiful to see three of these sitting, dull and dismal, all day on their dead mistress's coffin-lid. Poor though she was she had some hearts to grieve for her.

And now, as I wish to make this article as practical and useful as possible, I shall conclude with a few hints for the management of Pussy during health and sickness. In doing so I have again to war against prejudice and so-called "generally received opinion," but the reader may, nevertheless, rely upon it that the advice I give is correct and genuine.

Any one who wishes his cat to thrive must put aside as nonsensical the notion that she will catch mice to keep her in food. To make a cat a good mouser she must be fed regularly and well twice or thrice a day. She will then become happy, plump, vigorous, and honest, and will catch mice and rats for sport as much as anything else, but she will catch them.

If many cats are kept, it will be as well to make food specially for them, and to feed them at precisely the same hour every day. Change of diet is essential. Milk-and-bread, or oatmeal porridge with milk (this is preferable) makes a capital breakfast. Dinner may be the table-scraps wetted with milk, but cats will not thrive without a large allowance of meat; lights (boiled for an hour and a half), a small portion of liver (boil only a quarter

of an hour). Cats' meat, Spratt's cat food—all are good. Potatoes and broth or gravy, and a little warm tea and milk.

Clean water, changed every day, is most important to health.

To teach a cat to keep the house at night, feed her regularly about eight or nine, and keep her in after supper. The public have a deal to complain about against cat-keepers, and this should be remembered. But it is the vagrant, ill-used, and neglected cats that destroy tame rabbits, pigeons, and chickens, tear up valuable flowers, and render the sleep of many an invalid an impossibility. A cat must be taught habits of cleanliness from her kittenhood. A large flower-pot saucer filled with clean dry earth should be kept in a corner. This alone is enough to show her what is wanted, and when a little older she will prefer going out of doors.

Keep her food-dish very sweet; never put fresh food among that which has been left from a previous meal.

Give her a little sweet butter now and then, to encourage licking of the fur.

Long-haired cats must be regularly groomed with brush and comb, and should not be encouraged to lie on soft pillows or in bed, as this heats the skin and brings out the hair.

Long-haired cats are called Angoras or Persians almost indiscriminately. But the recognised difference is in the quality of the fur—that of the Persian being somewhat harder, and not so abundant and silky.

Old cats, when their lives seem to be a burden to them, or they wax blind and careless in their habits, may be chloroformed, or put to sleep first with a large dose of morphia, and chloroformed afterwards. Drowning is very cruel; so are most poisons.

When one owns a cat, it is certainly a very great pleasure to have it always well and happy. Pussy is, nevertheless, subject to a good many complaints.

The causes of these are as follows, and should be guarded against: 1. Exposure to cold and damp or wet, especially by being left out all night. 2. Going long without food. This renders her liable to ailments of an infectious order. 3. Irregularity in feeding or starvation. She is obliged in this case to eat offal, and intestinal worms are sure to follow. (N.B.—People who keep cats should see that the entrails of fish, fowls, rabbits, etc., are buried out of the way, as these are a fruitful source of intestinal parasites in both cats and dogs.) 4. Contagion. 5. Infection. 6. Unclean food or dirty dishes.

An infectious fever, combined with emaciation and vomiting of bilious matter, will sometimes rage for months among the cats of a village, and the symptoms are usually put down to poisoning. There is hardly any cure for it when the cat is once attacked. A couple of grains of calomel may be put on the tongue night and morning, however, a dose or two of castor-oil given, and a teaspoonful of Mindererus's spirit, with five drops of spirits of sweet nitre, given thrice a day, in a little water. In giving castor-oil beware of soiling the fur. To



physic a cat is not so difficult a matter as some might imagine. Be gentle, *slow*, and firm. Have the cat rolled in a shawl, and held on some one else's lap. The mouth is opened, and the medicine, whether mixture or bolus, is put far down behind the tongue.

A cat often seems ill without a cause, refusing food or capricious in appetite. It will be well in such a case to get the advice of a good vet., or preferably, perhaps, your own medical man. I never met a medical man yet who would think it beneath his dignity to prescribe for one of God's creatures. In a case of emaciation, with starving coat and a pained expression of face, the kidneys or liver are usually wrong—unless there be lung mischief, when the state of the breathing is to be considered. If the trouble has gone too far, the most merciful medicine is chloroform.

Cough may, however, lead to emaciation. For

three days give Mindererus's spirit with spirits of sweet nitre, as directed above, with one dose of castor-oil on the second day; then feed extra well, and put half a teaspoonful of glycerine in the milk twice a day.

For mange, the cat must be washed twice a week, and the under parts rubbed with sulphur ointment. For inflammation of the eyes, if not extensive, keep indoors, and use any ordinary eye-wash. If severe, keep in a dark room. Give two or three grains of calomel every night, and for a time only milk to drink.

Treat a sick cat as gently as you would a child, she will get well all the sooner. The best medicine for cats in ordinary health is grass. In the country they can always procure it, but in towns it ought to be grown for them.

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.



PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.



## VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

A FEW days after our last conversation a very old friend arrived to spend Christmas with us. She is a Mrs. Yeldham, a widow, and the possessor of a large fortune which came to her only after her husband's death, yet in his right. It has made no difference to her, it has not added one dainty to her table, or one luxury to her attire. It came to her when she was living in deep retirement in a mountain village, and there she lives yet, and her poor neighbours scarcely understand she is wealthy, though they know she is always helpful. Where her wealth makes itself known, as it does most liberally, there she herself remains unknown.

She was quite a middle-aged woman when her fortune came, and had earned a right to as much rest of brain and heart as can be enjoyed by one to whom all the sufferings and sorrows of humanity are an ever-present reality—never ignored or forgotten, although out of sight.

She has had a singular history. Not that it is sensational in any way, except by its unusual combinations. With the blood of a proud and exclusive race in her veins, she was yet born into a condition of mere commonplace comfort and mediocre respectability, where she must have endured the contemptuous patronage of those compared with whom she was undoubtedly superior by every gift and grace of nature. A little later on, circumstances, and the necessities born of them, plunged her among the very lowest of the people. She did not need to go in masquerade to understand how workgirls feel, and to learn the truth of their lives. The delicate feet went in broken boots because no others could be bought.

She knew the taste of penny saveloys and figs at twopence a pound when one is only too thankful to be able to get such diet. She walked ten miles that a shilling might be earned. She stood outside common little shops in poor neighbourhoods and scanned the written advertisements for lowly labour, and too often turned away disappointed. In the path of duty she has dared the darkness of the midnight street and the solitude of the dawn, and has cheerfully recognised the little civilities of policemen and errand-boys and costermongers. She learned how London looks when one has no money and no friends. I often wonder if any poet's or artist's eye ever fell upon her in those days, for she must have been a pathetic little figure, her soft hair and wistful face and exquisite hands in sharp contrast with her mean dress and her rough errands. Yet those hands were strong enough to conquer the world, and the bitterest of the battle with necessity was over, when there came into her life its magical love story, such an one as most of us only dream about, and some of us can never quite believe. It was not all joy. No! there was infinite tragedy in it—tragedy of that stern kind, which the ancients called Fate, and which is to be subdued only by unmeasured renunciations and supreme sacrifices. And then there were two together, poor enough still, in the world's eyes, but in their own rich in love and strong and free to contend in another battle—a battle darker and harder than the struggle for daily bread—the conflict with the powers of evil entrenched in helpless ignorance, in rampant vice, in sinful selfishness. They did not rush in rashly. They did not think to go into that dread war at other people's

charges; they counted the cost as far as they could see, and were ready to pay it. And when God, accepting their cheerful voluntaries in His service, took yet more than they had offered, they strove to keep silence before Him, and to own that He could take nothing save what was already His. When they met with reviling where they had rendered uncounted devotion, when sharp calumnies were hurled upon them by those from whom they might have looked for sympathy, they only clasped each other's hand, and whispered that God in His mercy hid the end from the beginning, or His children might not find courage to enter their appointed path, which He knew He could bear them through. But alas! alas! presently those very hands unclasped, and were but waved in last farewell, ere the mists of the river of death rolled between them. And then she had to learn those lessons which must always be learned alone!

So it was to a widowed woman with an empty house, a broken heart, and nerves laid bare to the very quick, that wealth and power and honour came. These were worth less than nothing to her. Do not think that she did not wail, "Why had they not come before?" She did. The human heart must ask such questions. Nor do I say they did not often recur, though the inner voice of her spirit ever had its answer. "These are never given us for ourselves and our own purposes,—and therefore they are never given out of season, because God and His purposes and His people are always with us."

I have not wished to give you her history; if I could do that it might be more interesting and suggestive than anything else I am likely to write. I only want to make it clear what kind of life has wrought her into what she is, the slight, swiftly-moving, severely-dressed woman, after whom strangers look in the street, and who never goes anywhere without people asking who she is. And do you ask what she is like? Was she ever beautiful, and do traces of beauty linger? What is the use of such questions—for the answers would not convey the same thing to two different minds. She makes me think of finely-cut diamonds, of richly-chased gold, of keen Damascus blades. And yet I fancy Alexander found the best simile of all when he said that she reminded him of a drop of pure wax, quivering and shrinking from the flame, and then stamped with a beautiful impression of the king's own seal.

To some people it seems strange that one who is quite indifferent in the midst of interesting details of etiquette, absolutely unconcerned in questions of precedence, and perfectly serene in the presence of dukes and duchesses, should yet, on other occasions, which seem to them most inadequate, be so easily touched to tears or to laughter. And she is as enthusiastic as a girl in her admirations, though those are often rendered where few can understand. And she is swift, aye, and vehement, too, in her indignation, which is often awakened in ways which remind me of Browning's fine touch in his Syrian physician's description of the risen Lazarus, and how he lived with

"Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,  
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing Heaven,"

So that

... "Should his child sicken unto death—why look  
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,  
Or pretermission of the daily craft!  
While a word, gesture, glance from that same child  
At play or in the school or laid asleep,  
Will startle him to an agony of fear,  
Exasperation, just as like."

For the rest, her heart lives among the deeper things of the lives around her, and yearns to satisfy their higher needs. Not for her are the superficial currents and eddies, but only the constant rivers flowing ever to the Eternal seas. I have heard her quote from a favourite author:

"It is not for me, the social world, and I am not for it. I have passed through the fire, and I have come out too much scorched to care for contact with people upon whose garments there is not even the smell of burning."

I think I can understand her feeling; but when I have seen other scorched hearts renew their youth at her side, and other scarred souls healed beneath her touch, I have wondered sometimes where she, too, will find the tenderness sufficient to soothe all the pain away, and to restore her spirit as the spirit of a little child.

And this is the kind of woman who sat sewing in our big arm-chair, with the light of the fire playing on her plain black gown and her plain white cap, while Alexander and I discussed all our Christmas plans, and what counsel we should give to one and another who had written, asking for advice under divers circumstances.

And what a medley of wants and wonderments do come to one in this way! There is the daughter-at-home, one of a large, struggling household, all needing divers ministrations, yet who fancies she has no "mission," and longs to go out to China or down to the East End, or perhaps to devote herself to the exclusive study of some art or science. And on the other hand, there is the mother of a wealthy and leisurely family, whose own life possibly has been well filled with domestic claims and interests, but who wonders why her four unmarried daughters, verging on middle life, cannot seem quite satisfied with their morning calls and their evening fancy work, but are always craving for a sort of study and a style of philanthropy of which she never dreamed! There are the anxious parents, brought up in an old strict school (which, whatever its shortcomings, has nevertheless turned out some of the grandest characters on which art can employ itself), and who now, in view of the "old order changing," anxiously inquire whether they should permit their young people to read "novels," and where the line should be drawn? And there is the young man, who thinks himself ill-used because there are books "read by everybody" (in his opinion), which his father will not permit into the house, and who asks if it is not exceedingly arbitrary for his mother to furnish his bedroom with a half-hour candle since the time when



she found he sat up nearly all night to finish some "exciting story," thereby squandering his own health, wasting gas, and endangering the lives of the family! There are the people who write from quiet country towns and sweet villages to ask us for reports of institutions founded, almost in despair, to meet the clamant wants of great, lapsed cities, because these dear souls think "it would be so nice to start such a one among ourselves in Sleepy Chester or Flowerfield." Here is a letter from a young woman who seems to feel that she is bound to postpone her marriage until her lover can provide her with all the luxuries to which she has grown accustomed in her father's house. And here is another from a mere lad, who thinks it very cruel that his intended's parents should consider that he ought to insure his life, and have at least one year's income in hand, before he rushes into matrimony on a salary of one hundred and fifty!

"Oh, Alick," I cried, "what a dreadful thing it would be if we misplaced our answers to some of our correspondents! How people would get the advice which they would like very much, but which would be precisely that they do not need! For instance, how Miss Much-afraid would enjoy those exhortations to forethought and prudence which we intend for Mr. Rash; and how Mr. Rash would revel over the incitements to daring and faith which we intend for Miss Much-afraid!"

"And yet, I trust, our counsels are perfectly consistent with each other," answered Alick. "They may differ from each other as a rose differs from its thorny stem, and yet there may be as much organic unity between them."

Our friend looked up with a flashing glance.

"Is there not always a risk in giving specific advice?" she asked, in her quiet way. "And have you not noticed how few questions can be answered without raising fresh questions?"

"Quite true," said Alick; "but something else has struck me even more, and that is, how few people know how to seek advice. They confide something, but they do not confide all. They hold back some detail which seems, in their own judgment, either 'too painful' or 'quite unnecessary' to be told. And yet this very detail might throw a light on the whole matter which might reverse the opinion of the counsellor."

"And even when people use their utmost endeavour to state any case fairly," said our friend, "still, words and phrases do not mean the same to the ears which hear as to the tongues which utter."

"And have you not also noticed," Alick went on, "that while the great principles of right and wrong remain so utterly unchanged that the oracles of the most ancient times still speak to us with the voice of to-day, yet the practical application of those principles is constantly changing? It seems as if God decrees that we shall not merely easily inherit the good habits of our fathers, but shall painfully work out good habits of our own. We may not rest in the best custom—we can scarcely prove it good ere the life goes on out of it, and it stiffens into conventionality, and decays into corruption, and the spirit which originated

it is found elsewhere, working itself out in a new form."

"Is there no use, then, in discussions on rights and wrongs, and ways and means?" I asked, rather regretfully; for I, at least, had found great pleasure in ours.

"Oh, surely, surely!" cried our friend, eagerly; "but their grand use is not so much in the determinations and decisions in which they seem to end, as in the habit of mind which they encourage, the habit of 'considering a matter,' of going down into the roots of things and striving to follow them into their developments."

As she spoke, one could not help remembering that in her own deep experiences she had realised "roots" and "developments" which remain undreamed of by those who flutter in the sunshine over the surface of life's shallows.

"I am always glad," she added, parenthetically, and with a smile, "when I find people taking an interest in the origin of phrases and the derivation of words. It helps them to know what their ideas are made of."

"True," said Alick, "and the poet's saying that

'Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart'

is so constantly verified, that we are always quoting it."

"Ah," she cried, with that vehemence which often accompanies intense conviction founded among the agonies and struggles of personal experience, "I would go beyond that! I would say that evil is want of thought; that perhaps all evil begins exactly there! People will not pause to look forward, they rush on and are over some precipice before they know one is in their road. It seems to me that forethought or 'consideration' serves the same purpose to a bewildered or errant will that a brake on the wheel does to a runaway horse—it keeps it from destruction till it recovers itself. Or, according to another simile,

'Consideration, like an angel came,  
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Do you remember Wordsworth's weirdly pathetic poem, 'The Thorn'? with its picture of the awful consequences of impulsive passion and forgetful impenitence. Do you recall the lines:

'And they had fixed the wedding-day,  
The morning that must wed them both;  
But Stephen to another maid  
Had sworn another oath;  
And with this other maid to church  
Unthinking Stephen went?'

When I was a girl I used to fancy that the epithet 'unthinking' was very inadequate to such a grave and direful occasion. I understand better now! The poet was right. I notice that God Himself, by the mouth of His prophet Isaiah, brings against His chosen nation but this very indictment, 'Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.' And the Divine voice constantly calls us to the opposite method. We are invited to consider the doings of



God and His testimonies, to consider the heavens and the ants, and the lilies and the ravens, the things of old, our own ways, and the character of the Lord Jesus."

"I always feel," I remarked, "that one principle is worth a hundred precepts. For instance, if, in our very hearts we could realise what it means to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and in honour to prefer one another, what need should we have for books of etiquette? If a few precepts be added to the inculcation of any principle, are they not simply to show how it may be applied, as a few examples are generally appended to a grammatical rule, only to illustrate how it works

"Exactly," returned our friend. "And the true principle for the conduct of life in all those details which often seem debatable grounds of right and wrong is, to 'consider,' and to bear in mind that one forethought is practically worth ten afterthoughts, because what is done remains done, and the tenderest regret will not always wholly efface the scar of a wound which has been thoughtlessly inflicted, or undo the chain of events wrought out by one heedless action.

'The offender's sorrow brings but poor relief  
To him who bears the strong offence's cross.

Yet, on the other hand, while carefully 'considering our ways,' and cheerfully relinquishing any 'good custom' which, as the poet says, may reach the stage of 'corrupting the world,' let us not be tempted to deny that it may have been good in its day. Indeed its very goodness then may make it unnecessary now, just as it is wittily said that the medical profession is only truly fulfilling its function when it is working for its own extinction! Again, many a detail of social life or philanthropic work which seems good to-day, will be recognised as mistaken in the larger light of to-morrow; while, on the other hand, thoughts and ways into which few enter fully now, and which can be only maintained by a good share of moral courage and firmness on the part of those who do hold them, may by-and-by be recognised as the truest thoughts and ways of wisdom and mercy. For we live in

'An earthly world : where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometimes  
Accounted dangerous folly.'

In the conduct of life there is no infallible oracle, save that each of us shall honestly search for and steadily follow that divine light which is withheld from no man according to his measure."

While she spoke Alexander had gone to the bookcase and taken down our well-worn volume of Mrs. Browning's poems. And now he read, in his impressive monotone :

"Can I teach thee, my beloved—can I teach thee?

If I said, 'Go left or right'

The counsel would be light,

The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee.

My right would show like left,

My raising would depress thee,

My choice of light would blind thee,

Of way, would leave behind thee,

Of end, would leave bereft.

Alas, I can but bless thee,

May God teach thee, my beloved—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my beloved—can I bless thee?

What blessing word can I

From mine own tears keep dry?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?

My good reverts to ill;

My calmnesses would move thee,

My softnesses would prick thee,

My bindings up would break thee,

My crownings, curse and kill.

Alas, I can but love thee!

May God bless thee, my beloved—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my beloved—can I love thee?

And is *this*, like love, to stand

With no help in my hand

When, strong as death, I fain would watch above thee?

My love-kiss can deny

No tear that falls beneath it;

My oath of love can swear thee

From no ill that comes near thee,

And thou diest while I breathe it,

And I—I can but die!

May God love thee, my beloved—may God love thee!

Our friend's work had dropped upon her lap, and I saw by the movement of her lips that she was softly following the familiar words my husband read. But as he finished, she looked up, and, though tears were glistening on her eyelashes, yet she smiled brightly as she said:

"Still, thank God, we can always safely repeat St. Paul's wide counsel: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are reverend, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gracious, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, take account of these things.'

"We shall never come to the end of that," she said.

## A LYNMOUTH STORY.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

### CHAPTER I.

JUST as the shadows were lengthening over the green Devonshire meadows one hot September afternoon the four-in-hand coach to Lynmouth was making the perilous descent down Paracombe Hill. A few lady passengers, seated outside of the vehicle, gave vent to sundry exclamations of surprise mingled with fear as the coach changed its position from a horizontal to a perpendicular line, and one of them in shrill accents insisted that the luggage was descending on her head. All this communication in no way roused the sympathy of the keen, thin-faced coachman, who carelessly cracked his whip, then flourished it high above the leaders' heads as the coach rattled down to the door of the inn. As he pulled up, his face expressed clearly that there were but few men who could drive the coach from Barnstaple to Lynmouth with such skill and such coolness as he.

On the box-seat, side by side with the driver, a gentleman was trying to point out to his sister that it was the interest of the coachman to bring the passengers safely to the journey's end, whereupon that lady remarked,

"I am not in the least afraid, Gilbert, but I do dislike the way these men show off. It was merely for effect that we dashed up to the inn door in that style."

Miss Isabella Martin, the speaker, was tall, had a good figure, and looked every inch a lady, neither was she devoid of that consciousness of birth and breeding which prides itself on never forgetting what is due to position. She was by no means pretty, but her face expressed decision and that general capability so specially the gift of English women. Next to herself, Miss Martin believed in the sense and cleverness of her brother, who was, in her eyes, very unlike the usual run of young barristers, the reason being, perhaps, that few had had such a sister as herself. She had been the head of Gilbert's house since they had lost their parents. Certainly, Miss Martin had been a model sister, she had been very careful whom she introduced to her younger brother, and no young ladies were invited to Norfolk Square who, in some way, were not suitable as future Mrs. Gilberts. Of course, some day Gilbert would marry, but he must select a woman who could adorn his house and prove worthy of his position. So reasoned Isabella Martin, feeling sure that no one could judge better than herself what sort of girl would make Gilbert's happiness. Up to the present time none of the very eligible young ladies had captivated the rising barrister; he was agreeable and pleasant to all his sister's friends but never showed partiality to any, and Isa was not sorry to be still head of the house.

This introduction is necessary to explain why Miss Martin at once turned her head to see who was speaking when she heard, as the coach stopped at the inn door, a girlish voice exclaim,

"Oh, please, will you help me down?"

Yes, it was the young lady on the seat behind them. Isa had especially avoided her before on account of her very curly hair and fashionable hat; and actually, this—this forward young person was appealing to Gilbert. It was very "bad form," considering she was not introduced, and considering, too, that a man, apparently her father, was sitting with her, and might easily have assisted his daughter, had she not preferred appealing to a young man. Miss Martin had never been guilty of flirting herself, and looked upon "fast" young ladies as creatures not fit to associate with.

Of course Gilbert Martin was all politeness at once, and Miss Martin only resolutely turned away her head with a sigh and a mental exclamation, "I am very much afraid Gilbert is like other men, and cannot resist being over civil to a pretty girl. It is a great pity, considering he is not in the least commonplace in other ways."

In the meantime, the young lady in question had been helped to descend; Isa Martin heard her remark that it was "so nice to stretch one's legs"—of course a mere excuse—and, looking down from the coach, she noticed that the stranger was not very tall, but possessed one of those lithe, beautifully proportioned figures that are a real pleasure to look at. Her sunny brown hair was very picturesque—untidy, thought Isa,—her eyes light grey with dark rings round the outer edge of the pupil. She had a small Roman nose, and a mouth so sweet and smiling that it gave to her face that look of archness which Miss Martin thought denoted a flirt. The crowning wickedness of all was that hat, such a ridiculous head-dress for the wilds of Devonshire and the top of a coach!

When the coachman had once more returned to his place, and the four horses were slowly ascending the next hill, Isa remarked to her brother in a low voice,

"I do wish, Gilbert, you would not make yourself so agreeable to—to strangers; one never knows to whom one may be speaking."

Gilbert smiled; he knew Isa was very particular about the acquaintances she formed, and was decidedly severe on her own sex.

"We're not in London, you know, Isa, and one can't wait for introductions on a coach. To say the truth, our fellow-passenger is uncommonly pretty."

Isa shrugged her shoulders and said, frowning severely,

"Do take care, Gilbert, she will hear you. I am sure she is a very undesirable acquaintance."

By this time, however, there was no longer any chance of being heard, for the four horses, having an unusual bit of straight ground, were proceeding at a good pace, and Isa's fears were lulled to sleep till the next hill, when actually the pretty stranger bent forward and said, in a clear voice, to Gilbert,

"I did not thank you properly just now, I fear, for helping me down and up again. Papa is no use on such occasions. Are you going to Lynton or Lynmouth?"

"To Lynmouth," answered Isa, sternly, without returning the smile of fellowship that lit up the girl's face.

"Ah! we are stopping at Lynton—at least, we hope to find lodgings there. It is quite a new place for us, isn't it, papa?"

The man so addressed was short, stout, with a large beard and a florid complexion, and, though decidedly a gentleman, he was certainly not prepossessing in appearance.

Isa turned away with the unmistakable expression in her shoulders implying, "I don't wish to know you;" but Gilbert Martin carried on a short conversation with the father on the subject of scenery, till after a time Miss Martin interrupted further communication by engrossing her brother's attention herself.

At last the long drive drew to an end. The gathering darkness of evening hid much of the beauty of the sheltered valley of the West Lynn, though the little twinkling lights from occasional cottage windows gave a touch of friendliness to the weird landscape. One short steep pitch down, then up again, and, with a last great effort, the coach rattled into Lynton.

All was now bustle and confusion, but Miss Martin was not the woman to dawdle when action was required of her, and very soon she and her brother were following the boots of the Lyndale Hotel down the narrow winding and very steep footpath which led to Lynmouth, whose lights, far below, could be discerned at certain turns of the road and through gaps of the hedges. Now and then came sounds of the rushing Lynn and the lapping of the quiet waves upon the shore. Isa, peeping over the luxuriant hedge, discovered glimpses of the sea looking grey in the twilight, and right across the bay the hardly-defined Countisbury Foreland stretched far out into the water, as if sheltering and protecting the village. Miss Martin saw all this, for her keen eyes seldom passed over anything; but Gilbert Martin looked at the scene with an artist's eye, and, as he pointed out effects of misty shadows, his more prosaic sister replied, "Oh, I see," and "So it is," at intervals, for her mind was running on the subject of accommodation at the hotel, and whether they would be able to get dinner at once, though she also found time to add,

"I do hope we shall not meet *those people* again. I am sure that girl is a regular little flirt, and her father looks very uninteresting."

"Every Englishman is not an Adonis, Isa,"

said Gilbert, laughing, and his sister answered impatiently,

"Nonsense, Gilbert, you know quite well what I mean. It is very dangerous to strike up an acquaintance with strange people."

The dining-room at the Lyndale Hotel was deserted by the time the brother and sister came down to dinner, which fact greatly rejoiced Miss Martin's heart. It was always a trial to her to eat her dinner in close proximity with vulgar tourists! Gilbert was in high spirits at leaving London so far away, and expatiated on the peaceful look of the village and its wonderful beauty by moonlight. Suddenly there was a little bustle heard in the hall, a woman's voice, a thumping of boxes, and then there walked into the Lyndale Hotel dining-room the curly-haired young lady and her uninteresting father. Actually, to Miss Martin's annoyance, she nodded and smiled at the Martins, ordered her dinner in the manner of an old traveller, and then—yes, actually addressed herself to Gilbert!

"So we have met again, after all, Mr. Martin. I saw your name on the luggage outside. Every house at Lynton was full, so we came on here in desperation. Papa and I are tired after our long day."

"Ellie has dragged me down here," remarked the young lady's father, in a tone which expressed but little interest, "and declares there is good fishing to be hired. Most people come here to enjoy the scenery, I believe; but we have been travelling for several years, and one gets sick of scenery."

"Pray don't talk such heresy, papa. Why, this is quite the loveliest spot in England!" Then, turning towards Miss Martin, whose face wore its sternest aspect, the pretty girl added, "Our name is Brand, and people often think we are related to the essence of beef, and so take great pains not to mention it in our presence." Ellie Brand laughed merrily, just to show off her teeth, thought Miss Martin, whilst her brother joined in the laugh, and at once plunged into conversation about Swiss hotels and Alpine excursions, and all the pleasant remembrances of people who have travelled. Isa was glad to get up and leave the room as soon as dinner was over, and she managed to draw Gilbert also away on some excuse about their luggage, though she was not comforted by hearing him remark,

"I am glad these Brands have come here. That girl would make a lovely foreground as an Undine near a foaming river. One does not often meet with such a perfect face and figure."

"Nor such untidy hair ornamented with such a hat," said Isa, in a tone of withering scorn.

"What, isn't that the fashion? To be sure Isa, you have not got a hat like Miss Brand. But honestly, it would not suit you."

"You must understand, Gilbert, that I do not mean to mix myself up with such people," was Isa's only reply.

The next morning Mr. and Miss Martin breakfasted in peace; and then, as Gilbert remarked that the Valley of Rocks would look perfect in the early sunshine, the two started off up the steep winding path which led to the cliff walk. Even



Isa could not help admiring the wonderful grey giant rocks which, protruding from the face of the cliff, threw sharp shadows on the heathy turf, and noticing the distant headlands stretching out into the calm sea, one behind the other, like watchful sentinels.

At last the two turned an angle, and found themselves in the far-famed Valley of Rocks; whilst on a large, flat stone, almost in front of them, sat Mr. Brand and his daughter.

"Those tiresome people again!" murmured Isa, as Gilbert took off his hat, and she heard the young lady exclaim,

"Isn't it curious that visitors always take the same walks in the same order? I heard the waiter say that visitors *always* came here the first morning. I don't know why they should, as I am sure there are a great many other beautiful places to see. Papa has been reading the guide-book, and I have been counting the artists. There are six here taking the same view. I am hoping their pictures are not all going to next year's Academy. The first one works a good deal with his fingers, and the third one only with his palette-knife."

"I mean to add another to the number when I can unpack my colours," said Gilbert; and Isa actually found herself obliged to sit down near to Ellie Brand, feeling that her brother was quite too inconsiderate of her feelings! Indeed, he immediately took a little sketch-book out of his pocket and began a slight pencil drawing; whilst Mr. Brand, turning towards Isa, remarked,

"Are you aware that you are sitting on enchanted ground? I have just been reading the legend told concerning this valley."

By her freezing politeness Miss Martin intimated that she had not the least wish to hear Mr. Brand's account of the Valley of Rocks legend; but Gilbert answered pleasantly,

"What is it? Not tragic, I hope?"

"I have no faith in legends," said Ellie Brand, quickly and almost gravely. "Papa has an idea that a man cannot fight against fate, but I am too nineteenth-century to believe in it. Do you, Miss Martin?"

Isa noticed the appealing look on the pretty face, and felt provoked with the girl for being able to act sentiment so well, so she merely answered,

"I take all superstition to be the product of an ill-regulated mind, and the sign of want of education."

"Or of over-education," added Gilbert. "I knew a fellow whose only belief was in a kind of spiritualism; he always consulted a medium before undertaking anything, and yet he was senior wrangler, and all the rest of it."

"The story of Lynton Castle," said Mr. Brand, "tells how the son of a wicked baron was always accompanied by an evil spirit in the disguise of a tall monk, who lured him into every imaginable sin, in spite of the youth's exertions to do right. Unable to resist the overmastering influence, he was led into all kinds of excess. His mother and sister died of grief, and at last, when his name had become a bye-word for evil, he was killed

by magic, for he and his castle were hurled into the sea. Certainly he might be called a doomed man."

"You have left out the end, papa," said Ellie, in a low, earnest voice. "He did not die before he had repented, for seeing a vision of his mother he broke loose from his evil genius at the moment of destruction, and died among the ruins with a cry for mercy! One likes to think there was that end even to the legend. One can almost imagine the scene on looking at all these great rocks, can't one?"

"No," said Isa; "I am sure I cannot; I am not imaginative. And Ellie Brand knew Miss Martin looked upon her as a very foolish, enthusiastic young girl."

"It is curious how often the same legend does duty in various countries," remarked Gilbert. "There is the Manx legend of Olaf's sword, Macabuin, which has much the same properties as King Arthur's Excalibur. This legend might easily be the old Faust story come up again, and so on."

"The mastery of evil is a very old story indeed," said Mr. Brand, but evidently Miss Brand did not like learned conversation, for she immediately broke in with some very ordinary topic about the excursions to be made round Lynmouth, almost suggesting going in a carriage with the Martins, much to Isa's disgust, which was not lessened by seeing that Gilbert was ready to fall in with any plan suggested by "the pretty flirt." This was not to be borne. Miss Martin rose from her seat, saying she was tired of sitting still, and thus they parted.

"I wonder what is the reason of the life Miss Brand and her father lead," said Gilbert, thoughtfully. "I suppose she has no mother, and likes travelling about in this way. Did you notice, Isa, how she settles everything, and that he takes no trouble at all? He must be very unfit to take care of such a daughter. She is a very interesting study."

"I suppose a pretty face always is to a man," said Isa, scornfully. "For my part, she exactly comes up to my ideas of a girl who spends her life in useless travel, and becomes fit for nothing but table d'hôte society."

There was nothing to be said after this, and so the subject of Miss Brand was dropped.

## CHAPTER II.

MISS MARTIN never felt more annoyed in her life than she did the next morning when she woke up with a bad cold, and found herself obliged to ask for medical aid. The doctor prescribed staying in bed a couple of days, adding that there was nothing to be alarmed at, but that she must on no account go out of her room. Isa was deeply disappointed, not only for her own ill-luck, but because she foresaw Gilbert would thus have no one to protect him from that Miss Brand, who had selected lodgings quite close to the hotel.

Of course, what she foresaw happened. Gilbert managed to enjoy himself very much without



her, joined in the excursions got up by Miss Brand, and even hired some fishing up the valley of the East Lynn in company with that tiresome father.

It was more than a week before Isa was able to lie on the sofa of a private sitting-room, and on that very day Gilbert came home with a pretty sketch of the river, in the foreground of which sat a young lady—a very unmistakable Miss Brand!

"Gilbert," exclaimed the excellent sister, "you don't mean to say you asked Miss Brand to sit to you?"

"Well, not exactly. But you know, Isa, I soon get tired of fishing, and it is so very dull for her to sit for hours by her father whilst he catches nothing, so it rather amused her to act fore-ground."

"You hardly understand, Gilbert, that—"

"No, I don't," broke in Gilbert, turning away and looking out of the window. "I never could have believed, had any one told me before leaving town, that I should meet a girl in these wilds who—"

"Who was such a flirt that she has been able to take you in very easily!" said Isa, her colour rising from indignation.

"No, no, Isa; you do not understand. I am sure it is not her fault that I have made a fool of myself. There, I must tell you first, even though I don't know my fate. I know you will like her when you know her; I have never met any one half so good, so beautiful, or one who—"

Miss Martin could not hear out her brother's sentence. "Do you mean to say you have asked her to marry you?" stammered Isa, almost too angry and too astonished to know how to express herself.

"No, but I shall do so the first opportunity. I made an appointment with Mr. Brand to meet him near where the Brendon falls into the Lynn. If you felt equal to it, Isa, we might drive there together; the doctor said it would not hurt you to come out to-day. Isa, wish me success; you know how often you have talked of the future Mrs. Gilbert, but till now I never met a woman whom I could love."

But Isa would not wish him joy; she had indeed often thought of the future Mrs. Gilbert, but she had never dreamt of picking her up on a coach! Gilbert's quick insight saw no rashness, but his sister was only prudent in thinking that such sudden engagements are often doubtful ventures.

"I hope, Gilbert, that you are not acting very foolishly, and that you may not have to repent at leisure."

Gilbert was rebuffed; he had expected sympathy, and found none, and could hardly understand the disappointment of the sister who loved him so much. He merely added, "I am sorry you cannot see it as I do, Isa. I am sorry, too, I told you, because perhaps I may be building my hopes on very insecure foundation."

"Very unlikely, indeed! Of course, a girl like that will only be too glad to marry you. As to going with you this afternoon, I shall certainly not do so!"

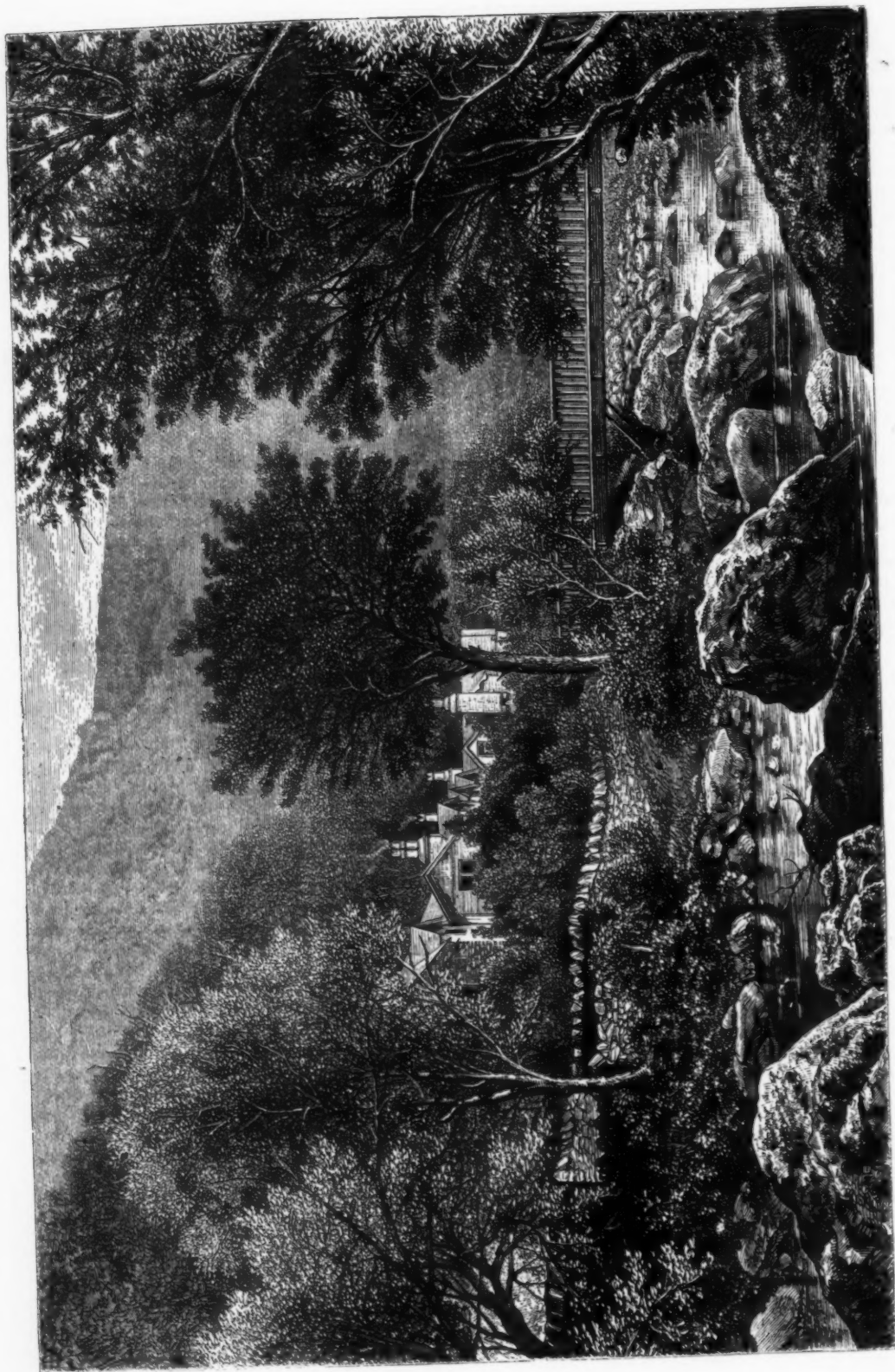
And so the two parted in anger, and Isa, left alone, shed a few bitter tears of hurt love and pride. Why had this happened—why had she not been able to guard her brother against this girl? Her visions of a perfect sister-in-law vanished like morning mist, for this Ellie Brand was of course a mere nobody, and besides she was empty-headed and foolish, entirely unworthy of being Gilbert's wife. The worst of it was that Isa could not doubt that her brother was in earnest; she had never seen him look like that before; never heard him talk of a woman in that fashion. Why were such men as Gilbert to be hindered all their lives by having such foolish conceptions of the requisites for a wife?

Suddenly an idea seized her: what if she could work upon Miss Brand's feelings and show her how unsuitable she was for Gilbert; certainly such a butterfly creature could have no very deep or strong affections. The more she thought of this plan the better it appeared to her; she would order a carriage and find Miss Brand before the time Gilbert had named. No doubt he was now wandering about alone, weaving very false dreams of happiness. At last Isa's mind was made up; there was no way but this to save her brother, and forgetting all her weakness she rang the bell and ordered a carriage, telling the driver to go to Watersmeet. She *must* find Ellie Brand; she felt sure of her powers of persuasion, and besides the girl could be crushed by superior position, etc. Perhaps the uninteresting father was also plotting to catch Gilbert, and possibly he too could be frightened.

Miss Martin hardly noticed the scenery as the carriage drove quickly along; the sound of the rushing water that caught her ear seemed only to increase her eagerness to reach the spot where she hoped to find Ellie Brand. Her one dread was the fear she should be too late—the fear that Gilbert had gone off at once to know his fate and ruin his prospects. At last the horse stopped, and the driver pointed out the foot-bridge across the torrent, mentioning at the same time that there was a pretty path back to Lynmouth on the other side. Isa got down, dismissed the driver, and mechanically crossed the bridge. This was, she knew, close to the place Gilbert had mentioned as the rendezvous, and close to where the Brendon and the East Lynn meet. The latter comes rushing down between huge boulders, a great torrent of white foam and a steep glassy slide of rapid water, deafening the beholder, whilst the Brendon, on the contrary, flows on quietly, and the actual meeting is accomplished in peace.

Isa paused a minute and looked round on the scene. Close by was a picturesque public-house, but no other sign of life was visible. So, following the driver's advice, she hurried into the tiny path which lay close beside the water's edge. She had not gone far when suddenly she saw a figure sitting rather above the stream, and leaning against a fallen tree. Her pulse beat quicker. Surely it was Ellie Brand?

Yes, happily alone. Then with an intense feeling of thankfulness Isa scrambled up the slippery



NEAR LYNMOUTH.

bank. She believed she was in time; she could yet save her brother.

"Miss Brand," she called out, quietly.

Ellie, starting up, gave one glance at the newcomer, then turned away her head. That look had showed Isa that the pretty face was bathed in tears. She had meant to begin sternly, but she could not, and said, almost kindly, "What is the matter, Miss Brand; have you hurt yourself? I came here hoping to find you. Perhaps you could give me a few minutes' conversation? I—I know my brother is coming."

These words seemed to have a magical effect on the girl, for, starting up, she turned her face towards Isa, who was angry with herself for noticing her beauty at this moment.

"Your brother, Miss Martin? Oh, he has gone along this path towards Lynmouth." Then, with a movement apparently uncontrollable, Ellie seized Miss Martin's hand. "Miss Martin, stay with me a little. He says you are so good, so sensible, and I am so weak—so very weak; but I do want to do what is right."

Isa's heart sank within her.

"You have seen Gilbert, then, and—" her tongue refused to add, "and I suppose you mean to accept him?"

"Yes," said Ellie, with one of her upward glances, "and I see you know—I mean what it was he wanted of me. Just for a moment I hoped—but, no—no, it cannot be; he has been so kind, so thoughtful. I begged him to leave me at once, but now you have come, it seems almost as if I had been wrong, and you will help me to decide."

Isa was dreadfully puzzled by this speech, but she began thinking that Ellie Brand was not quite so bad as she had fancied her; still, above all was the intense relief that Gilbert was saved, Miss Brand had refused him—that is, if she were not now acting a part.

"Tell me what you mean, Miss Brand?" she said, sitting down by her.

"Call me Ellie," she said, pathetically; "I do so long for a woman's kindness sometimes. Men are often good to me, but women seldom when they find out. Now and then I fancy I must give up the struggle, but that is weak. No, I must go on, even if it all ends in misery, as it has done today."

Isa was dreadfully puzzled.

"Tell me about Gilbert," she said.

"Your brother? Oh, he is the best man I know; but how can I say yes, when he does not know? and how can I leave my father, or ever ask a man I love to share the burden? Tell me, am I right?"

Isa put her hand on the girl's shoulder. She gathered now that she had said "No" to Gilbert, so she could afford to show her kindness.

"Tell me what grieves you. I feel sure you have done right in refusing my brother, and if I can, I will help you."

"Have I done right? Perhaps—I don't know, but how could I tell him that my father is a man whom no one can respect when they know his failing? And yet I am his child; I must bear

with it. The only way to help him is to travel about, to change the scene as often as possible, or to distract his mind from that one subject—the craving for drink. Oh, Miss Martin, I fancied that knowing nice people such as you are would help him! Sometimes he does not give way for months—sometimes almost a year—and then—" Ellie Brand shuddered a little, and her face seemed to lose all its sunshine—"and then he degrades his nature, he is overpowered by that curse. And to-day, just before your brother came to me, my father saw that little inn, the temptation seized him, and—and he is there now. It will take weeks to get over that craving; we must leave this place at once. But let me thank you—and—him—for your kindness. Life is hard—so hard." And then, as if suffering could be no greater, she covered her face with her hands, and Isa saw the hot tears falling fast over the small fingers.

This, then, was Ellie Brand's mystery, and Isa tried to say a few words of comfort—tried to offer a little consolation—tried everything but giving her the hope that if Gilbert knew this he might still wish to help to bear the burden. In her heart Isa *knew* this would be his answer, but she could not face the possibility.

In all this tumult of thought Ellie had given small consideration to the life-long issues of the moment. Like many another, she was borne down by the crisis which had suddenly transformed her days.

"But what do you mean to do now, Ellie?" said Miss Martin, quite gently.

"I must wait here and think—and pray; some people fancy I am light-hearted. If only they knew! But I must be brave, it is the only chance of saving him. Oh, it is hard to laugh when one's heart is breaking; but now no one can help me. Please, please, leave me, I am accustomed to it." And Isa, taking her at her word, rose to go, but Ellie had one request to make.

"Will you tell *him*," she murmured, "that it was because I loved him that I said no, and that you say I am right?"

Isa did not say yes, but Ellie seemed to expect no answer, and not to doubt the message would be given; yet, as Isa hurried forward along the little path, she knew she would never give it. What need to open the wound again? Why not let well alone? During the drive there she had hardly noticed the scenery; but now, as she walked on and on, every minute object seemed to be photographed on her brain; she saw the united streams rush on with one great impetus towards the sea, and at each turn of the winding path there was a new picture to study. No two stones seemed placed in the same position, each boulder formed a varied effect of foam-circled eddies, and the path mounted and descended as if to accompany this wild *kühleborn* on its travels. Sometimes the trees reached over the path and clasped hands with their opposite neighbours, whilst their bare rugged roots twisted themselves down to the very brink of the water, as if wishing to share with the bending ferns and mosses the life-giving moisture. The stream also



seemed to have imprinted its restless look on the thin lichen-covered oaks which covered the side of the hill, and their endless stems had the appearance of a countless multitude of little beings all running and scampering down to the water, treading on each other's heels in their hurry to know the meaning of that dash and gurgle below, stretching out their long arms as they skipped down the hillside.

Isa felt that she too was hurrying forward under an impulse of restlessness, her mind was in a tumult. On the one hand, she was rejoicing that Ellie Brand had said no, and on the other trying to stifle the voice of conscience, that called out she was ruining two lives; but no, she answered, "I am saving him, saving my brother from this disastrous relationship."

The walk was a long one, and the evening was closing in before Isa reached Lynmouth. Now and then she had to pass under a weird passage of closely-woven branches, where no light penetrated; but this was followed all at once by a clear open space, and, as if by magic, the stream hushed its chorus of sound and glided on some few yards in stillness, with scarcely a stone to break the evenness or disturb the liquid gold-green which some slanting ray had painted on the glassy mirror. In this calm region Isa suddenly came upon her brother, who was apparently doing nothing more elevating than throwing twigs into the water, intent as to what became of them. He started up when he saw his sister, and came towards her in surprise.

"Isa, how did you get here? You are not strong enough to walk so far. I say, I may as well tell you at once, she won't have me, so there's an end of it; she was most decided."

Isa slipped her hand into her brother's arm, and walked on with him without answering.

"I shouldn't mind so much," he continued, "if I knew the reason, but she would give none. There must be one, and yet there is no earthly reason that would change me—at least, only one. Isa, do you think she loves some one else?"

For one moment Isa hesitated; then all the reasons against the marriage crowded into her brain, and she only said,

"You must respect her reserve, Gilbert; come home now. I am so very, very sorry for you."

The next day Gilbert tried to work at a sketch, but nothing would come right. He threw down his brushes and went out. Isa knew he had gone to the Brand's lodgings, and she, too, could not concentrate her mind on her book; her thoughts would follow Gilbert. What if, after all, her plan should fail? But she need not have distressed herself. In a very short time Gilbert came back, with firm-set lips, and a new expression on his face—an expression Isa was to see there again, very, very often.

"Isa, she's gone; both of them are; and I know I shall never see her again, they have left no address."

Isa sighed. Was it a sigh of relief, or remorse? for now she fully recognised she had parted them. But even to herself she only said. "I have saved Gilbert."

## CHAPTER III.

"MEN always get over love affairs after a time." This was what Isa thought as she and her brother once more settled down to their London life. "Gilbert will see some one else, and some one far more suitable to be his wife than poor unfortunate Ellie Brand." But time passed, and though her brother hardly ever mentioned that Lynmouth story, yet he never took the least interest in Isa's perfect friends, who were diligently asked to the house in the vain hope that one or other might become Mrs. Gilbert Martin. Only by slow degrees did Isa realise that Gilbert meant to keep faithful to his lost love, and that he could never forget or replace the girl who had won his affections. Many times the sister went over in her mind all the excellent arguments in favour of what she had done, but again and again came the haunting thought, "If I had told him all he would have rushed back to her side that evening, and he would have accepted all the responsibility of that unhappy father."

When tired of brooding over this, Miss Martin wondered, in spite of herself, where Ellie Brand was now. Was she still wandering about in the hopes that change of scenery would cure that terrible craving? Had she given up the battle, or succumbed? But for Isa herself Gilbert would have helped that brave-hearted child, and would have given her love which makes all troubles easy to bear; but no—surely it was all for the best.

If the remorse was stilled that time, it came again and again; sometimes a quick glance from Gilbert would bring it back; she saw him start when some girlish form like Ellie's passed him. Yes, he was still looking for her. No one knew Miss Martin's punishment. No one guessed what she suffered as months, then years, went by, and still Gilbert showed no sign of forgetfulness. One day she even exclaimed out of the depth of her bitterness,

"Gilbert, can you never forget her? It is eight years ago now since you saw her."

Gilbert Martin was now an older, graver-looking man; he had worked steadily at his profession, and was popular in society, and yet he never doubted about his answer.

"Never," he said, quietly, and though his sister had been on the point of telling him everything, the quiet earnestness of that *never* took away her courage. She dared not now tell him the message Ellie had sent by her. And at last Isa acknowledged to herself that she had been wrong, and the remorse she felt made a humble woman of the once proud, self-reliant Miss Martin. And yet no sorrow could bring back Gilbert's happiness.

Isa might have had a home and children of her own, but she never dreamt of forsaking her brother; she sacrificed all her prospects to his interests after that story of the past. How could she forsake him, now? Could she ever think of herself?

That summer, just eight years after, there came the usual question about holiday plans. In those years they had visited many places, but neither of



them had ever mentioned Lynmouth. What was, then, Isa's surprise when Gilbert, of his own accord, now suggested it. She would far rather have said no, but she put away her own wishes and said yes.

The little village nestling along the banks of the dashing streams looked almost unchanged as the brother and sister once more walked down to the hotel door, but Miss Martin was some one far different now, and it was not only that many grey threads mingled with the dark hair, but there was a gravity about her which in no way reminded one of the Isa Martin of eight years ago. What would she have given to be able to recall the past, for she seemed to be always haunted with the vision of that sad, pitiful young face looking up to her and begging to be told what she ought to do.

The brother and sister spent most of their time in taking long walks, climbing up the steep tors, or wandering over Exmoor, but one day, as their visit drew to an end, Gilbert said he would take a sketch on the bridge. There, looking up the valley, one could see the hills that bordered the river disappearing one behind the other in beautiful perspective, whilst the purple heather that partially clothed their sides disputed the ground with the grey rocks as if anxious to provide perfect contrast of colours for the many artists.

Isa sat down on a camp-stool by her brother's side, and lazily turned over the leaves of a book. She had a curious feeling to-day as if she was living a past existence, and as if she had sat exactly like this by Gilbert's side on her previous visit. No, that certainly had not been the case; if any one had sat there it had been Ellie Brand, not herself. Presently she was roused by the stir and bustle around her. A coach which had come in earlier was preparing to depart; there was a jingle of harness and shouts of stable boys, and lastly a shrill blast of a horn to warn all the passengers to collect near the inn. Next followed an angry discussion; a few men ran towards the shore, and began waving and gesticulating in a frantic, excited manner, till at last even Gilbert became aware something unusual was going on; and he and Isa started up and hurried to the fisher-folk close by.

"What is the matter?" asked Gilbert.

"The tide be rising fast, sir, and there's a lady on the sands towards the Foreland. She can't be made to understand that she must find the steps as are cut in the cliffs."

It was at first difficult to discover the person they were talking of, but at last they did so.

It was a woman and one of the passengers of the coach, the men said. Stories of those who had been caught on those sands by the tide had long been told in Lynmouth; indeed, the most thrilling tale was that of a bride and bridegroom who had perished together on these very sands, but after that episode steps had, with much difficulty, been cut in the cliff so that such a catastrophe might not again occur. In spite of this, strangers, who wandered off alone, were not always acquainted with the existence of the rocky staircase, as was now evidently the case, for the lady, instead of advancing to the steps, was trying

to race the tide back to Lynmouth, by this time an impossibility for a woman, the shore being stony and difficult to walk on. The sailors had waved and tried to explain matters in vain, the distance was too great.

"Some one must go to her," cried Gilbert, looking round on the men, but he met with blank looks.

"You wouldn't reach her before the sea had come up," said one of the men; "she'll be made to understand when she's a bit nearer."

"Then it may be too late; the poor creature will be bewildered with fright," said Gilbert. "I am a fast walker; I'll go."

"No, no, not you, Gilbert!" cried Isa, in an agony of fear. "You would be overtaken before you could reach her. The stones are so—so—"

Gilbert gave his sister a reassuring look and was gone, making the men grumble about strangers who thought they knew better than they did, saying it was quite impossible to reach the lady in time, and Lynmouth folk were not to blame for the foolhardiness of Londoners. All the same, they hastily began to get a boat ready, and several volunteers jumped in, in order to row out across the bay, and lie in readiness.

Isa little heeded the remarks of those around her; she only gazed at Gilbert's retreating figure. He was keeping close to the cliff, but already the space between the sea and the Foreland was becoming terribly narrow, especially to those who watched from far off.

Isa gazed and gazed, till she suddenly turned away, and exclaimed,

"Make haste with the boat. My brother will never do it. Don't spare anything. I have plenty of money."

"They be done all they can, ma'am," said an old man, in kind tones; "yer will be sure of that. Here's a spyglass. Luke yourself, ma'am. The lady's found her mistake out, but the gentleman can't get on quick enough. She'll du now, never fear."

Isa's trembling fingers seized the glass, and then for one moment she looked towards the spot where her brother seemed still to be struggling forward in the race for life. The lady had reached the steps, having been made to understand; but Gilbert, would he do so too? Isa's heart seemed to cease beating, her blood to freeze in her veins. Was he going to be killed in this manner, for a stranger, too?—Gilbert, her brother, whom she loved so much, and whom she had wronged! Would he die? and she could never tell him the truth—never reveal her treachery! She returned the glass, and hid her face in her hands. Sometimes the truth is too terrible for us—we would rather be lulled by vain hopes, by falsehood, if even for a few moments longer, rather than face certainty.

"The sea's coming in mighty quick to-night," said some one near to her.

"He's getting on—he's kept on well," said another. "But I fear he can't do it, though there's a gude ten minutes yet."

"The lady's safe—she's up the steps!" called out several voices, which news was followed by a

ringing cheer; but Isa could not think of any one but Gilbert, her brother. Would he be saved?

No!

"The gentleman's not near; the tide's coming in strong!"

A pause, then a smothered exclamation from some kind, thoughtless soul,

"Quick! quick! he's washed off his feet, there's no chance for him!"

Isa did not cry or groan, she felt too paralysed for outward display of despair, only she gave one glance towards the boat, which had but reached half across the bay. Indeed, in any case it would not be able to approach very near the cliff; then she turned away, unable to bear any more. A black abyss seemed to be opening before her, it was she herself who was falling in, it was for her sin that this was happening to her. God was punishing her for the past; could no sorrow wash out the error, no repentance spare her this retribution? And Isa at this moment answered the questions herself, and said none.

Then all the world seemed to close in around her, horror and darkness to overwhelm her, and all at once the shore, the fisher-folk, the rushing Lynn—all were swept out of her remembrance, and she lost consciousness of earthly events.

It was a long time before, very painfully, she seemed to struggle back to existence, and to some confused knowledge of what was taking place around her. She put out her hand fancying she wanted support, and then her fingers were clasped by a woman's small hand, and a voice she knew well, and yet could not name, said, "Look, she is getting better! Thank God!"

"Thank God, indeed!"

This time it was Gilbert's voice, and Isa tried to start up with a stifled cry of "Gilbert!" but sank back again, quite unable to utter more than a confused sound.

She had been lying unconscious for two hours at the inn close by the bridge, and it was for her, not for Gilbert and the lady who had been in danger, that the doctor had been sent for.

"Isa, dear Isa!" said Gilbert, bending down; "I am safe, quite safe, we both are; you had not the patience to wait. I was washed away, and they say it was hearing that that upset you; but you ought to have believed in me, I was only swept away a few yards, and then I was able

to swim out to the boat, and look, dear Isa, can you guess whom I was going after? can you remember her? we have been watching by you together."

There was a new ring in Gilbert's voice and a new look in his face as a woman knelt down by Isa's sofa.

"Have you forgotten Ellie Brand? I have never forgotten you and your kindness to me, and now I have again done harm. Can you forgive me? It was so foolish of me to venture so far on the sands, and yet but for that—oh, I can't call our meeting chance!"

Isa's face lit up with a real smile of welcome; all the blackness and despair seemed to be suddenly dispelled; explanation seemed needless as she looked at those two. Besides, she could bear to hear no more that day, she could only sit and hold Ellie's hand, in this way realising that she was forgiven, even though the past could never be recalled.

Happiness is the best healer, and the next day Isa heard from Ellie's lips the story of the rescue—how she had come to Lynmouth for the day on her way to an old aunt, her father having just died, and how she had recognised her deliverer only when they had met again at the inn door.

"And then?" asked Isa, in a low voice.

"Then he took my hand, just as he had done that other time, and we both knew we had never forgotten."

Only now could Isa confess her fault, but all Ellie said was, "Don't tell him ever; and, after all, you loved him so dearly that of course you thought of him first; and besides, you considered me so frivolous. You do not know how hard I tried to keep up that outside light-heartedness, but it went away after I left you."

"And the end?" asked Isa, gently.

But Ellie Brand shook her head, only she said, "All through my troubles I remembered the one man who had really loved me, and— isn't it wonderful he should have gone on caring for me all these years?"

Isa did not think it wonderful when she knew more of Ellie's past life, for at last she recognised that even eight years ago "Gilbert's wife" had been a heroine among women—one of those noble, brave-hearted souls of whom the world is not worthy.

## A BAD HEADACHE.

WHO and where is the happy individual that has no personal experience of this distressing complaint, which is undoubtedly on the increase?

The structures immediately beneath that curious and complicated cupola that covers and crowns the stately architecture of the human frame are becoming of more importance every day.

No doubt the body itself by no means suffers for want of due cultivation. Our thews and sinews are starker and more supple than in days of yore. We can run faster, jump higher, swim farther, bat better, and kick harder than ever we did before. The modern athlete, as is well known, strives in vain to squeeze his chest into a knight's old coat of mail. We are taller, broader, and stronger than we were three centuries ago, even if we are not stouter. So much for the sterner sex. As regards our women, are they not fairer, comelier, and in every way more attractive in person than even in the days of Good Queen Bess, judging, at any rate, by the representations that have been handed down to us?

There can indeed be little doubt but that the typical modern John and Joan Bull are finer physically, even in these so-called degenerate days, than in days of old; and yet the truth remains that the body is of less value and is depreciated more every day.

Readers of market reports in the papers will at once grasp the meaning of the terms, "sugar neglected," "rice quiet," "coffee flat," "spices depreciated," which obviously do not mean that the cultivation of the cane is ceasing, or that the intrinsic quality of rice, coffee, or spices is poorer, but that the market value of these articles is lowered, and they are a drug in the market. That this as regards the body is everywhere the fact nowadays our athletic candidates in every branch of the Queen's service, even the army, are made painfully aware when they see some half-dozen small-bodied, weak-kneed, and insignificant-looking, but strong-brained men at the top of the list, and they themselves thrust out altogether.

In every profession now brains are everything, and bodily strength—well, we will not say nothing—but, at any rate, not much.

Apollo himself would probably, confiding on his physical beauty only, find himself best fitted for a railway porter or a blacksmith, and certainly would not get into any profession. Nor is it otherwise with women. It is true the matrimonial market still fluctuates wildly between brains and beauty, the latter still, as a rule, fetching higher quotations, although fancy prices are often given for the former. Still its position is by no means secure, and its possession may fail to secure its fair owner a winning place in the hymeneal stakes, for brains are steadily gaining ground in spite of severe checks. In other departments of feminine life they are undoubtedly first. The fairest face

or the fairest form may plead in vain for a place at St. Martin's-le-Grand, the bluest eyes fringed with the longest lashes gaze piteously into the stern visages of the various employers of feminine skilled labour, it avails them not, the whole point being the quality and amount of brains.

And this brain-culture or forcing begins very early, not by choice, but by force of circumstances.

Ever since the spectacled, studious, long-headed German conquered the gay and dashing Frenchman, the triumph of mind over matter, and brain over beauty, has been increasingly forced home upon us; and, although naturally as English we would rather for many reasons see our children grow up lighter hearted and less worked than they are, we feel that we shall rapidly fall in the rear in the race of nations unless we steadily and assiduously force brain-culture to the utmost limits consistent with health.

No doubt in war brain must be backed up by a certain amount of physique, and in this neither Bismarck nor Moltke, nor the Germans generally, can be said to be wanting; and yet we all feel they conquered by their brain-power; and future wars will increasingly tend to become contests of intellectual skill rather than feats of physical strength.

This preamble, like Mark Twain's "Ascent of Vesuvius," is perhaps long enough and relevant enough to show the necessity and importance of the present article.

Headaches are of numerous varieties; one writer enumerates some five-and-twenty varieties. As, however, we wish carefully to avoid introducing a new and at present unknown variety—headaches from reading the "Leisure Hour"—we will greatly reduce the list.

In the first place, let it be understood that headaches fall naturally into two great classes—those inside and those outside the skull. We will first of all consider the causes and varieties of "external headaches"—that is, headaches due to something wrong between the skull and the skin. In every case this "something wrong" is a nerve or nerves. A regular series of nerves runs towards the top of the head, all round the forehead and the crown, and unfortunately for us their arrangement renders them liable to pain. The nerves, for instance, that supply the forehead emerge from the brain beneath the upper lid of each eye, and reach the forehead by passing through a small notch in the bone. In a direct line below this again, beneath the lower lid, the nerve that supplies the face passes through a similar hole. If the nerve gets thickened by cold or inflammation as it passes through this hole it will get severely pinched, the pain, however, of the pinching not being felt where it occurs only, but all along the course of every branch of the nerve over the forehead, just as when the funny-bone (or nerve)



is touched on the inner side of the elbow the thrill is felt in the little finger, to which it goes.

All external headaches are therefore essentially neuralgias, or nerve-pains. Frequently they are across the forehead, less often they are at the back of the head; sometimes, again, they may include "tic," or faceache, and involve the nerves of the face that issue through the lower notch. Sometimes, again, they seem to start from the ear as a centre, and play more round the side of the head.

These headaches are not generally caused directly through study, but are due either to general ill-health, which leaves the nervous system ill-nourished and prone to disorders, or to some local chill or inflammation. A tight hat, pressing as it does severely on all these scalp nerves, is often the cause; great bunches of hair coiled up behind is another; a cold east wind beating on the forehead is another. They may spread from other nerves; toothache or earache, for instance, may cause this headache.

These are the headaches where local applications are so good, both in theory and practice, such as menthol crystal and ointment, cold and heat, many liniments, and, if the ear be affected, a single drop of chloroform on cotton-wool. But hold! I have said enough, I must not wax too professional.

One particular form of this headache seems to take exactly half of the head or face, commencing with a disturbance of the eyesight, and going on to violent sickness, and often accompanied with a terrible pressure. The eyesight becomes dim for a few minutes, and then a little aching is felt in the head on the side opposite. It increases with a boring pain, and has been described as if a gimlet, slowly increasing in size, were being forced into the temples. From here the pain spreads over half the head, which soon throbs, and sickness, which does *not* relieve the headache, begins.

In headaches of this intensity sleep is a panacea, and it can generally be obtained naturally or artificially, the former being of course best. We will consider means of best producing this later on.

Let us always remember that in these neuralgic headaches heat, properly applied, will always subdue surface pain. For instance, if my reader should ever unfortunately have a neuralgic headache that will not yield to other remedies, let him put the kettle on the fire and a basin on the table, with two squares of flannel. Let him pour the boiling water on them, and then gingerly nip one up by the corner and drop it in a towel fixed by one corner round the leg of the table, or anything else, and then let him twist away at the other, wringing the flannel dry. Let him put this on his head, and immediately seize the second piece, wring it, and, now taking off the first piece and dropping it in the water (kept boiling), put it on his head. Let him now take the first piece out of the water again, wring it, and place it instead of No. 2, and so on without ceasing for one moment, and in a few minutes the pain will be subdued. This being purely a domestic remedy, we make no apology for giving it in detail. These bad sick-headaches are caused by hot rooms, great anxiety, or over-fatigue in people liable to nerve disorders.

One other form of external headache consists in rheumatism of the scalp. This causes severe pain, and does not yield to ordinary remedies, but will disappear very soon before the prescription of the skilled physician.

Let us now consider the larger subject of true internal headaches, or pains arising from disturbances of nerves or circulation with the skull itself. First as to errors of circulation. Headaches commonly arise from too little or too much blood circulating in the brain.

Some people have very little and poor blood in the body—not enough to be all over the place at once; so if they study, off it goes to the head, and leaves the feet cold; while if they eat, off it goes to the stomach, and leaves the brain bare, and brings on a headache. It is indeed difficult for any one effectually to use body and brain at the same time.

Headache from deficiency of blood in the brain may be recognised by its being at the top of the head, by pallor, by dizziness, and frequently by noises in the ears. These are the headaches benefited by slight stimulants—strong tea or coffee, hot soup—anything, in short, which increases the circulation; also by lying down with the head low. Such people should also sleep with the head low.

The opposite state is when the head is too full of blood, the face flushed, the temples throbbing, the pain excruciating, and the patient unable to bear a strong light or much noise. This is a splitting headache and seems to be all over the head. It is brought on in those who have plenty of blood by worry, by too much study, by irregular or too rich living, by gout, and is often accompanied by palpitation of the heart and dyspepsia.

We cannot be wrong in pointing out the benefit in these cases of mustard footbaths. Severe cases, however, can only be relieved by proper medical advice.

We now reach our old friend the bilious headache, caused by "something wrong with the liver," that great scapegoat for all and sundry ills. In this case the charge is true, and the cause of the headache one of the most interesting marvels in physiology.

It appears from recent researches that the body itself in health is a perfect laboratory of deadly poisons, which taken direct and injected into animals cause speedy death. It is somewhat alarming to be told that the products of digestion are poisonous enough to destroy a man half a dozen times over—that is to say, if the digested food went straight from the stomach to nourish the body, instead of passing through the liver, the man would die. It will, therefore, be readily apprehended that one of the most important functions of this much-slandered organ is to deprive these products of their poisonous properties and to keep them from entering the system. If through over-feeding or bad treatment of various kinds this long-suffering liver fails to do its work thoroughly, a certain amount of this poison is allowed to circulate, producing in the brain at once a characteristic feeling of depression. Now we have the secret of the morning melancholy after



the night's carouse; of the fits of despondency that precede a bilious attack; nay, we have the reason of the very word melancholy itself, a word coined by the Greeks, and showing their belief truly enough that the feeling originated with the liver by using the word "blackbile" to express it.

Only now, however, has this wonderful and simple reason been adduced why disorders of the liver are so invariably accompanied by nervous depression and headache. It is not caused, strictly speaking, by bile circulating in the blood, but by these self-made poisons that have slipped through the liver unchanged.

We all recognise a bilious headache, with its weight across the forehead, its spots before the eyes, its feeling of nausea, and the intense and instant relief when at length sickness comes on. Of course such a headache in a weak or sickly person is much intensified.

But again, there is another sort of headache. These we have been considering are those arising respectively from too little blood, too much blood, and poisoned blood in the brain.

A fourth variety arises from pressure or disturbance of the nerve substance of the brain itself. It is a dull heavy pain, sometimes splitting in character and sometimes with dim sight. It generally reaches from the forehead right on to the top of the head.

Here again strong light and noise is much disliked.

Amongst other causes, it is brought on by a long railway journey, the vibration of which has produced innumerable slight concussions of the brain, and altogether shaken it pretty considerably, much more so, indeed, in a third than in a first-class carriage.

A good meal will sometimes relieve it, sleep at other times, or the mustard footbath again; but in many cases nothing will do but "the doctor."

Yet another headache seems to spring from sheer exhaustion. It is a headache all over the head, and is relieved by a good meal and cessation of all brain work. Strong coffee with a biscuit will relieve it.

A word of warning here may be needful as to the employment of wine (though it is used) for this purpose, lest it be resorted to too often and lead to a taste easier to acquire than to subdue.

Just a word now about the headaches of old people and children.

In the aged headaches are common from defective circulation in the brain arising from changes in the blood vessels consequent on age. They are hard to cure, and hard to bear, or to be borne with. Sleep also is hard to obtain in advanced age, and probably the best remedies are gentle stimulants; if too strong they become dangerous.

Headaches in children need the greatest care of any, and are too often neglected to the parents' sorrow.

We have already alluded in our preamble to the increased premium put on intellect, and this readily accounts for the way in which teachers force the poor into their sixth standard and the rich into their sixth form, regardless of any possible risks. Stimulated in one case by large grants

of money, and in the other by a desire to keep up long-established prestige, teachers urge on their pupils to cram in yet more and more. These in their turn, if of quick nervous temperament, catch the excitement, and slave with hot and burning heads till overpowering sleep mercifully intervenes. The infection is too often caught by the infatuated parents, determined their offspring shall outshine all others, and that the tree of knowledge in their family, at any rate, shall blossom and fruit before it should have budded.

What becomes of all the precocious sixth standard boys? Where do our young prodigies go? Let us learn from analogy. All forced fruits are wanting in flavour, and in the sweetness the long summer days alone can give. All forced plants are delicate. All colts worked before their time are ruined as horses, indeed all premature development is bad.

We are not unaware that an excuse can be thus made for laziness, and that though many alleged cases of overwork turn out to be true, the work was not schoolwork. Nevertheless, the evil is sufficiently great (and it is growing) to justify these lines.

In learning to sing no good teacher will allow the voice to be fully exercised till after eighteen, giving the tender young vocal cords time to strengthen and consolidate.

Is the brain substance, then, of a coarser nature, and of a less important character than the windpipe, and are we to allow our children to strain their young brain to cracking point, with assinine ignorance, while we pride ourselves on carefully avoiding strain elsewhere.

The following newspaper paragraph seems to come in appropriately here.

"Death from Over Study.—A pupil teacher, named D—, aged seventeen years, who, it is stated, had been worrying about his examination, fell dead on Wednesday night at Y—. Another teacher at the same school, supposed to have been over-studying, has been lying unconscious since Sunday."

I will not speak here of the loss of life by inflammation of the brain and other nervous diseases this false system has occasioned; I will not dwell upon the lifelong misery it has occasioned in others by laying the seeds of hysteria and other non-mortal nerve affections; nor will I enlarge upon the final stunting of the intellect this premature over-taxing invariably brings, but just confine myself to the one subject of headaches.

And I say most seriously whenever a child complains continuously of a fixed pain in the head, and he is studying hard, those studies must in every case be given up until the pain be removed.

Of course, children are subject to all the varieties of headache we have already enumerated, but the headache of over-study, so often met with in these days with their increasing number of competitive examinations, is the most dangerous, and it should always be relieved at once by removing the cause.

Children, if devoid of conscience, might skilfully feign this particular headache whenever a lazy fi

came over them. To guard against this, therefore, in any suspicious cases always send for that professional detective—the doctor.

Good food, absence of study, outdoor amusements, and lots of sleep are the best domestic remedies.

Sleep, indeed, is such a cure for most head troubles that one or two hints as to how best to obtain it may fittingly close our remarks on this painful subject.

A cold bed is often a great hindrance to sleep. Cotton sheets instead of linen, and in cold weather a warming-pan first, will frequently make all the difference between a good and a bad night.

Cold feet, again, are another fertile cause. These can be best cured by having, just before going to bed, two basins, one of very hot and the other of cold water, and putting a foot in each, then crossing them and putting the hot foot into the cold water, and *vice versa*. The constant change violently stimulates the circulation. If, then, a pair of fleecy sleeping-socks be drawn on, no sleeping-draught will probably be needed.

If you wake in the night, and lie awake, getting up in the cold and taking a turn and then back to the warm bed will often produce sleep.

If the body is too hot, an arm or leg left outside the clothes will lower the temperature sufficiently.

Fresh air is a truer and better soporific than poisoning with carbonic acid gas, therefore sleep with the window open (more or less) and the door shut.

If the head be hot or throbbing, lie with the head high, and, if necessary, wrap the legs round with wet cloths covered with waterproof. This is an excellent plan.

Hunger is a common and unsuspected cause of sleeplessness. People dine at six or seven, and have nothing more till nine next morning. Others dine at one or two, and have a cup of tea and a slice of bread-and-butter at seven, and nothing till next morning. These people go to bed hungry and lie awake. A sufficient supper at a reasonable hour—a chop, or a bowl of hot bread-and-milk, or a plate of oatmeal porridge—will make all the difference, and by drawing the blood to the stomach will enable the brain to rest.

Another cause of sleeplessness is brain excitement late at night. The brain gets so full of blood that it cannot rest. Here the remedy is obvious; to let the brain lie fallow after dinner. If this cannot be done, and there is sleeplessness, our old friend the mustard foot-bath or a general hot bath will often cure it.

A. T. SCHOFIELD.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

### THE SEAL.

THE seal is now only seen in out-of-the-way places. But it is not necessary to go all the way to Greenland in search of it, for it is to be found in isolated corners in the Highlands of Scotland. A seal may be seen occasionally all round the shores of Great Britain and Ireland; but it should be hopefully looked for in the Hebrides, or on the west of Sutherland. Close to the mainland in those parts are small islands in the sea, in which seals make their habitat. These insulated grounds, rising up out of the ocean in rugged stalks several hundred feet high, or, as the case may be, in broad-terraced slopes only a few yards above high-water mark, literally covered with sea fowl, with a seal lying here and there in the sun, possess an irresistible fascination for the adventurous sportsman. First there is the enjoyment of rowing or sailing to them, with a dash of possible danger, which always gives zest to any sport; then, on landing, one feels as if he were in a new region, cut off from the outer world, a kind of Robinson Crusoe in 'that personage's' happiest experiences. The formation of the rocks, illustrating recondite points in geology, the strata showing the different kinds of stone at one view, the chasms, or underground passages running, in some instances, across the whole of the island, the bustle of cormorants and guillemots, with alarm for their innumerable broods and nests: all these things excite wonder, mingled with awe and admiration.

A number of these islands bear the name Eilan Roan (the seal island), from which it appears that seals were much more numerous in times past than they are at present. There are two islands of this name in Sutherland. One is situated near the mainland at Oldshore, about eight miles south-west of Cape Wrath. It is often visited by seals. The other is perched in the sea at a distance of three miles from Tongue, and inhabited by seven human families, six of whom are Mackays, and the seventh a Macdonald. These native islanders live in common, working conjointly as one man, heedless of the selfish competition of the outside world; and the fruits of their labours, both on sea and land, are divided equally amongst them. Contrary to what might be supposed, this system does not beget idlers, for drones are not tolerated in the little hive at Eilan Roan. The inhabitants are most industrious, and set a good example to many people on the mainland. At one time, as the name implies, Eilan Roan was a favourite place of seals, and they still make it one of their ports of call.

No one should venture to the seal islands without experienced native boatmen, otherwise the result may not be either pleasant or profitable. The whirling eddies must be carefully watched, whilst gales come sweeping down from the towering rocks on the mainland without a moment's warning, so that a trusty hand at the helm is abso-

lutely necessary. Particular attention has to be devoted to wind and tide.

Even in calm weather this vigilance must not be relaxed. A ludicrous incident, for example, occurred in the summer of 1883, which might have been attended with lamentable consequences. Several students, fresh from college, resolved to explore Eilan Roan, in the parish of Tongue, and interview the residents. They chartered a boat at Farr, and, accompanied by lady friends, started for the island. Each seemed desirous to have the reputation of being a good boatman; all of them made no secret of having sufficient knowledge, and some to spare, of boating. They, of course, dispensed with the services of a professional boatman. Having got away some distance from shore, they set up all the sails at their command. This was a good beginning; the weather was propitious, and they sped away at a furious rate. It was really grand—so, at least, said the voyagers, and laughed with great gaiety. Presently it was observed that they were not on a straight line with the island, but going seaward past it. A turn of the rudder, however, would put them on the right tack. So thought the students; and there was more laughter.

In obedience to a chorus of voices, the helmsman tried to change their course, but the boat still kept going on in the even tenor of its own way. The rudder had refused to work. Onward, still onward went the craft, as if running for a wager, fleetly carrying its occupants, John Gilpin-like, out to sea. The situation was alarming, so was the length of all the masculine faces on board, as the ladies clung to their "lords" for that protection which they expected from them, but which they could not give. There were no peals of laughter now, not even the ghost of a smile. Nor did the students look exactly like "able-bodied seamen." At length one of their number, whose natural and recently-acquired philosophy had not altogether deserted him, propounded a theory which, when put to practice, took them out of their difficulty. It was rather humiliating, but necessity has no law. Anything was better than an indefinite sail to an unknown world. All hands were ordered to take down the sails, betake themselves to the oars, and row back to the island. The mandate was silently obeyed; and, after a struggle which the young boatmen will never be likely to forget, Eilan Roan was safely reached. Thus ended this adventure, the moral of which should not be lost upon intending visitors to the seal islands.

The Kyle, or Bay of Tongue, extending seven or eight miles into land, is justly regarded as one of the most delightful of seal haunts. I saw seals on several occasions in the mouth of the Kinloch river, at the head of this bay. They also take up their abode in Loch Erriboll, Loch Saxford, Loch Inchard, and Badcall Bay. There is something fanciful, if not comic, at first view, in the idea of seals being admirers of mountain scenery; but in going up arms of the sea, they certainly appear to take pleasure in looking up wistfully at the high lands on either side. This is seen elsewhere than in Sutherland. Whilst seals make their homes in most of the bays

of Orkney, they prefer the charming *voes* contiguous to Hoy and Walls, the highest land in that interesting part of her Majesty's dominions. They also illustrate this characteristic in the Long Island and portions of Argyleshire. A similar manifestation too is witnessed in Iceland.

It is better to use a rifle than a fowling-piece for seal-shooting, as, unless the animal be very close at hand, small shot does not take deadly effect. The seal is not easily approached, and, whether on sea or land, if he sees or hears anything suspicious, communicates the alarm to his fellows. Early in the morning or late in the evening is the best time of the day to go seal-hunting.

Seals now and then take excursions up rivers, leaving saline water for a time far behind them. Some years ago a fine specimen of the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*) took a tour up the River Naver to a deep pool at Rhinavie, a distance of fully two miles from the sea. This intrepid animal caused quite a sensation. He was first seen by a Rhinavie man, who forthwith opened fire at the animal. It was a placid day in summer, and the surrounding hills echoed and re-echoed with shot after shot, sounding like a bombardment on a small scale. People wondered what all this discharging of firearms meant. Soon the news spread that a seal had made himself at home in the Naver. Crowds of crofters in the district gathered on each side of the river, some armed with pitchforks, others with staves, some with one thing and others yet with another. I happened to be riding past the scene on my way home from Bettyhill to Achnabourin House, and I noticed with some amusement that the seal contrived to elude every shot which was fired at him. He raised his head gently above water, keeping his eye upon the shooter, and whenever the gun was pointed at him he dived to the bottom. I set spurs to the horse, and crossed the river to Achnabourin for my gun. On my way I met a party from the house going down to see this strange visitor, and a party from Skelpick House were also on their way thither. When I arrived, armed to the teeth, as it were, each side of the river was lined with people, and the shooting from the Rhinavie side was as deafening as before. I fired at the animal, and poor Phoca was surprised, for he had not reckoned upon an enemy at the rear. Although my charge was only No. 4 shot, he was sorely hit. A cheer was raised on both sides of the river. In a minute or two he rose again, and I gave him the contents of the left barrel; but, though sharply hit, it was evident that small-shot was not a match for him. I then determined to try bullets. His head again appeared above water. I fired, and my bullet grazed the top of his skull, causing the water to rise white of it. He was too near, being within forty yards of me, and I had miscalculated the distance. He rose once more. I fired, and he sank at once. There were no cheers this time; it was believed I had missed him. To this opinion I could not subscribe. A boat from the neighbouring ferry was now on the spot, and the seal was found where he sank—dead. The bullet had gone through his head. There was a cry raised by the Achnabourin party to the effect that the



animal be taken to the victorious side of the river. This was done, and, after the seal had been examined by all who cared to see him, I took him back to the person who first discovered him, and who had expended so much powder and shot over the prize.

Many years before this, a seal was known to have gone up the River Naver to Achargary, five miles from the sea.

Though the common animal (*Phoca vitulina*) is most abundant, other representatives of the seal tribe are seen in the north of Scotland. I saw a

handsome specimen of the leopard seal (*Leptonyx Weddellii*) at the west end of Holborn Head, near Thurso. His presence there surprised me not a little, for seals of any kind are not now numerous in Caithness.

Probably he had wandered across the Pentland Firth from Orkney. Anyhow, he was making the best of his opportunities at Holborn Head. The leopard seal is no stranger in the islands of Cava, Risa, and Fara, in Orkney, and on the Shetland coast.

JAMES MUNRO.

### A PILGRIM FROM THE BLARNEY STONE.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

"Here is the stone that whosoever kisses,  
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;  
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,  
Or become a Member of Parliament.  
A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or  
An out and outer, to be let alone;  
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,  
Sure, he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

—Father Prout.

AMONG the many visitors to Cork few leave that city without paying a visit to the celebrated Blarney Stone. Every one knows what blarney is, and every one knows that to

possess this enviable (?) power, you have only to imprint a kiss on this time-honoured stone, the smooth polished appearance of which fully testifies to the ancient superstition. Even those who do not quite believe in its potency, feel they have not done the proper thing if they go away without bestowing their salute.

Blarney Castle lies four miles north-west of Cork, and is surrounded with beautiful woods and grounds.

"The groves of Blarney, that are so charming,  
All by the purling of sweet silent streams."—*Milikin*.

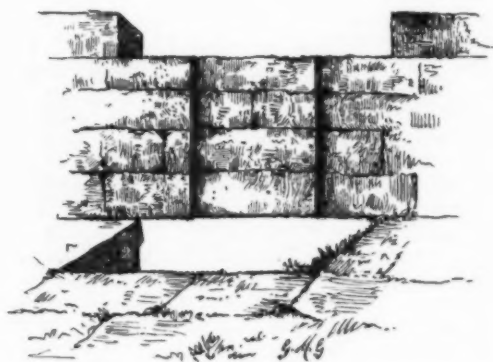


The massive square tower rises boldly above the surrounding trees, and its foundations rest on a precipitous rock, beneath which are huge caverns into which the daylight has never penetrated.

The stone forms part of the embattled parapet, and to reach it a wide and yawning space has to be surmounted. An old woman, who acts as caretaker and guide, assists in the performance by holding on to the heels of the would-be blarney-blessed persons while they lean over and bestow their kiss. Two iron bars are kindly provided on each side of the stone, which are very necessary as a support on viewing the giddy depths below.

Among the pilgrims to the Blarney Stone was Sir Walter Scott, who quite offended the good citizens of Cork by his eagerness to see it before he had done any justice to the "lions" of their town.

Mr. Barrow has described the kissing process in his amusing manner. "I ascended the summit of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable to the ladies—a consummation devoutly to be wished for, thought I. 'Och, yer honour must kneel down and kiss it three



THE BLARNEY STONE.

times,' quoth the guide, 'and sure you'll be able to coax the ladies—fah!', there never was the gentleman that misses.' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by talking blarney, the impudence of telling mighty big lies without blushing?' 'Faix, and I believe you has just hit it, and sure, don't the gentleman talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting, so down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips."

The castle was erected about 1475 by Cormac MacCarthy, a descendant of the Kings of Cork, and so powerful a chieftain that the English settlers paid him £40 a year to protect them from the Irish. In the reign of Elizabeth his descendants were created Viscounts of Muskery, and, in the reign of Charles II, Earls of Clancarty. The cas-

tle and estate were, however, forfeited in the reign of William of Orange, through their owner's adherence to the cause of James II. It has since passed through various hands and is now in the possession of Sir George Colthurst.

The taking of Blarney Castle by Cromwell is alluded to in both song and story, but it was really to his partisan, Lord Broghill, that it surrendered, when in 1646 he defeated Lord Muskery and the Irish forces.

"Oh! Blarney Castle, my darlin',  
Sure you're nothing at all but a stone  
Wrapt in ivy, a nest for all varmint,  
Since the auld Lord Clancarty is gone.  
Och! 'tis you that was once strong and ancient,  
And ye kept all the Sassenachs' down  
While fightin' them battles that ain't yet  
Forgotten by martial renown."

Whether the character of the people is derived from the stone, or the stone from the character of the people, we will not inquire; but it strikes one very forcibly that John Bull would benefit much more from a touch of the Blarney Stone than the impulsive and warmhearted Celt, who certainly never errs on the side of over-frigidity of demeanour as has sometimes been ascribed to the more self-contained Saxon. In any intercourse with the people, one feels that either they have kissed the Blarney Stone, or their ancestors must have done so, transmitting what might be called a "decorative" tendency to their conversation. An account given by them is generally in a strain of hyperbole, sometimes quite misleading to the uninitiated, and they will often apply words with a very "large" sense as to their meaning (like an old Irish butler the writer knows of, who, having to announce two military gentlemen who were paying a call, and not catching their names, gave out, in a loud and solemn voice, "The ar-r-my").

An Irishman's letter is often a unique production, and one hardly knows how much in it is pure blarney, or how much comes from an unconscious redundancy of expression. Sometimes his apostles are extremely humorous, full of highly-coloured descriptions and long-winded sentences, and, if begging-letters, display a pathos which is calculated to move the most stony-hearted reader. The following examples are genuine Celtic composition, though the names and localities in most cases have been altered.

A begging-letter in verse is not to be met with every day, and "John Wray" may be complimented on giving a poetical garb to such a very prosaic subject:

"TO LADY STRONGE.

Benevolent Lady,  
Godliness and cleanliness go hand in hand  
As fair twin sisters through our land;  
They both are known quite well to thee,  
While the latter seldom visits me.

My linens are all badly worn,  
Nor have I means to purchase more ;  
My clothes in general are almost done,  
Perhaps your ladyship would give me some.

If in the wardrobe you will try  
On some things useless lying by,  
And please to give them unto me,  
Then very grateful I will be.

I was in church last Sabbath day,  
When all around were dressed so gay ;  
And all who looked they seemed to know it  
That all was not right with me 'The Poet !'

I mused upon the days of yore  
When Sabbath clothes were not so wore ;  
That was indeed a happy time  
When I had no cause to sit and rhyme.

Since trusting to my fellow-men,  
I feel the sad change now and then,  
But in all my trials, not a few,  
I never find much change in you

Your truly Christian, gentle heart,  
Can always act a friendly part  
To every helpless child of woe  
When they to Hockley may go.

To breathe one prayer may not be wrong ;  
I sincerely wish it, Lady Stronge—  
May health and happiness be thine  
Unto the very end of time ;  
To you and yours I wish the same,  
So for the present I remain

Yr. ladyship's very humble servant,

J. WRAY."

The following touching appeal from "Pat Brady" we hope had the desired effect on his "only dear friend."

"TO MRS. LEADY —.

"Pardon i aske from you mi only dear friend that gives mi help in mi want and distress Pat Brady is the naiked man that is in Forey at this present time he have not one stitch of a trouser on him mi dear leady he is ashamed to goe out in the eyes of the pipil and has twice been to aske of his only friend that has sent him so much to buoy a donkey—may the blessing of God be with you i aske this time for a bit of cordroy to make a trosore for him it is the greatest charity for he has not one to cover forgive me mi dear leady for askin he has a litle gerel sick this long time with red spots on her arms and leges and she is very regusteand is geton no beter May God give you a blessing mi dear leady will grant poor Pat Brady a bit of cordry at mister ralph to make a trosers the litle gerel is nine yeares ould that is sick mi dear leady."

"Michael Mivens" graphically describes how it would "draw tears from a rock" to see his cabin at that moment. How his young family were "too numerous for his declining resources," not to mention a "mother-in-law and aged father." How he had lately sold his last pig to pay the rent, and had already suffered "the loss of his chief support, a valued cow, not to speak

of the more chastening affliction of a once laborious wife;" and he goes on to hope that a "benevolent compassion" will be extended to him by one "who has often rescued the people from the jaws of death, and helped poor struggling creatures in the time of adversity."

Another complains how "romatik, bronchites, and measles have laid low a wife, an aged mother-in-law, and ten children." How his house is "the second edition of an infirmary and surgery," and hopes that "a fruitful benevolence will spare him the anguish of beholding his innocent young family turned adrift, when so heartrending a calamity might be avoided by a little loan."

An indigent cobbler is most eloquent in describing "the appalling calamity which had befallen him," consigning his "poor innocent family" to the "bleak refuge of the infirmary." He describes himself as "a poor struggling man in this uncertain world," but expresses thanks to Providence for past mercies, and remarks that "the thorns do work in our hearts for a purpose, and when the wound is sufficiently deep the healing balm of Gilead will be poured in." After a good deal more in the same strain, and asking for a little help, he ends up by saying, "May the Lord bless these words to the reader."

We should think, too, that the man had kissed the Blarney Stone very lately, who says—in asking payment for a little bill—"Your honour's pardon for my boldness in writing would be almost a sufficient compensation for my claims," and that his words, like those of some other people, must be taken with a certain amount of latitude.

But we must leave these interesting epistles, and consider some other aspects of the Irish character.

Their love of romance and chivalry is very strong, and any performer of heroic deeds in the past is revered and often mentioned in the present.

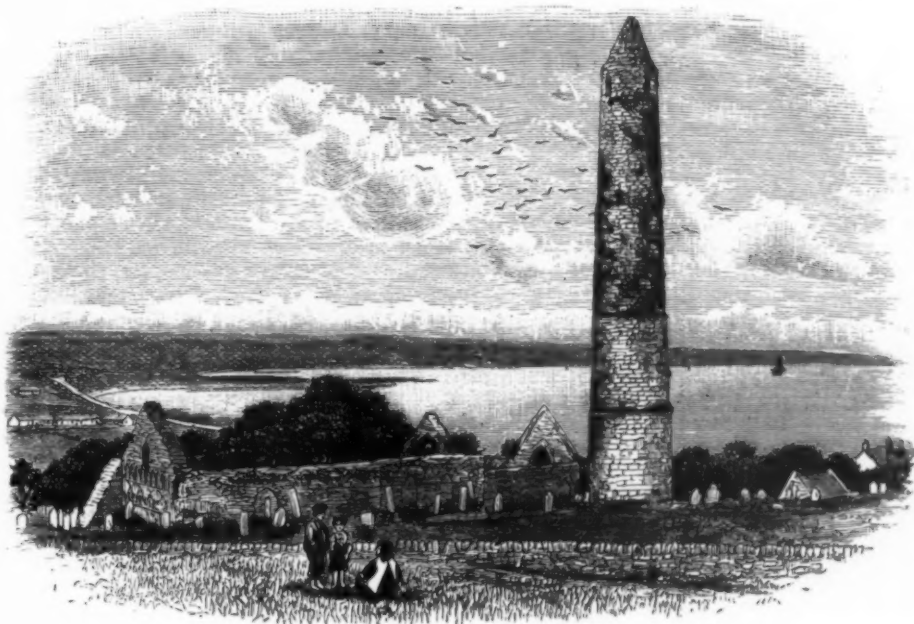
The story of Grace O'Maley is one out of many tales of bygone days which is still remembered with pride, and her daring adventures may still be heard from many a peasant's mouth along the western coast. Grace—or Grana Uili, as she was called—was the daughter of Breanhaun O'Maley, chieftain of that part of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay. At an early age she was the companion of her father in his piratical expeditions, from which she imbibed a taste for the watery element and an adventurer's perilous life. On her father's death she took his place at the head of the clan, and her daring exploits were far in excess of any that had gone before. She was wholly insensible to fear, and the terror of her name flew along the coast, as she was continually making raids, and capturing cattle and treasure. All the most desperate characters placed themselves at her command, willingly giving their allegiance to a warrior princess whose courage and prowess insured success in every enterprise. She soon acquired a considerable fleet; the larger vessels, when in harbour, anchored in the roadstead of Clew Island; and the smaller, that convoyed her galley up the creek, were moored close under the castle walls of Carrigahooley—or Palace of the Queen of the West, as it was called.

In the course of time Grace became the wife of Sir Richard Bourke, Lord of Mayo, an alliance more of policy than affection, for we find he was soon dismissed. Very probably, too, the ties of a married life did not suit the roving western queen. Her fame soon reached the ears of Queen Elizabeth, who offered a large reward for her apprehension. During the limit of the proclamation Grace took every possible precaution to prevent treachery. She caused an aperture to be made in the sea wall of her chamber, through which a cable was passed and fastened to her yacht at one end, and round her bedpost at the other. At last she came to the determination that she would give up her piratical life, and personally put herself under the protection of the English queen.

come, but held out her weather-beaten hand to "Sister Elizabeth," as she called her, and sat down with much composure. Perceiving that she was not supplied with that useful article of dress, a pocket-handkerchief, her Majesty presented her with one, which she, however, having once used, immediately threw into the fire. On an interpreter explaining to her that it was the proper thing to keep it in the pocket till again required, she was quite indignant, and said that the more cleanly habits of her country would quite forbid such a practice.

Elizabeth is said to have presented her with a little lap-dog, which, however, quite offended Grace.

"My lap," said she; "it's little the likes of me



AERMORE.

During her voyage to London a son was born to her, the result of her marriage with Sir Richard Bourke. As he arrived on board ship, he was named Tohaduah na Lung—or Toby of the Ship—and from him are descended the Viscounts Mayo. On reaching her destination she was received by Elizabeth with great courtesy, and obtained her pardon.

Their meeting must have been a curious sight. Grana, in the simple costume of her native country, consisting of a bodice and petticoat containing thirty yards of linen wound round her, a madder-coloured mantle flung over one shoulder, her wild hair gathered up and fastened with a gold bodkin, and her legs and feet bare and reddened with exposure; while there sat Elizabeth and her ladies, decked out in all the costly conceits of that period, and with the help of stays, stomacher, and farthingale, looking very stiff and stately. Grana, however, was by no means over-

would be doing with such a thing, it is only fit for idlers like you."

"Oh, but, Grana," said Elizabeth, "you are mistaken; I am not idle, I have the care of this great nation on my shoulders."

"May be so," said Grana, "but as far as I can see of your ways, there's many a poor creature in Mayo who has only the care of a barley-field, and has a deal more industry about them."

We do not hear what Elizabeth replied to this not very polite remark; perhaps it was rather refreshing as a variation to the flattery and adulation with which she was surrounded. At any rate, Grana soon started on her homeward voyage, which was accompanied by an event illustrating the peculiar feelings in Ireland with regard to hospitality. To such an extent was this carried that there used to be an old law which forbade any house to be suddenly closed, for fear the traveller might be disappointed in his welcome.



Crace O'Maley, having landed at Howth, sought the hospitality of its lord, but arriving at the castle found the gates shut, and all admission denied, as the family were at dinner.

"Oh, the Saxon churl," cried Grace, "it's well seen he has not a drop of Irish blood in his big body, he shall smart for this."

And so he did; for on her way to the shore Grace passed a neat looking cottage, and seeing a noble-looking boy at nurse therein, she inquired who he was, and being told that he was the eldest son of the Lord of Howth, she accordingly carried him off on board her galley, and set sail for her Castle of Carrighooley. Very probably the infant prospective Lord of Howth and young "Toby of the Ship" struck up a cradle friendship as they were rocked to and fro by the not too tender billows. The innocent victim of vengeance was detained some time at Carrighooley, until Lord Howth stipulated for his restoration, by a promise for himself and his descendants, that the gates of Howth Castle should always be thrown open during dinner, a promise said to be observed to this day.

This national feeling of hospitality is really remarkable. The benighted traveller may lift the latch of the poorest hovel, and be sure of receiving shelter and a welcome, and is generally given the most comfortable seat and the largest potato. Lady Georgina Chatterton mentions a man whom she knew, who took in a poor woman and her sick daughter, perfect strangers, and allowed them to remain for months in his little cabin. When she remarked to him how kind it was to allow them to stay, he replied, "Ah, thin, t'would be a quare thing for any Christian to refuse a craythur that wanted it a corner of the cabin and a lock of straw to lie in. What harm would it do a body for them just to stretch under the same roof, poor quiet craythurs?" Dr. Smith tells<sup>1</sup> that he knew of a stone which was set up on the side of a certain road, and which bore an inscription to the effect that all travellers might repair to the house of a Mr. MacSwiney for entertainment (*gratis*).

The English who have settled in Ireland are affected with the same hospitable spirit, which perhaps accounts for the enormous piles one sometimes sees erected, even in the most out of the way parts.

Mitchelstown Castle in County Cork, the seat of the Kingston family, may be considered a good example. The castle stands in a lovely valley at the foot of the Galtic Mountains, and blue ranges to the Knockmeledowns fade away into the distance beyond. Rising above the surrounding woods, its battlements and towers have, in the distance, the effect of the purest white marble, which gives a most fairy-like and picturesque effect. The present edifice was erected in 1823 by George, third Earl of Kingston, and it is the largest of our modern castles. It is built on the site of the ancient stronghold of Fitzgerald of Clangibbon—the White Knight—an ancestor of the family. The Kingstons were famed for their hospitality, to which this enormous pile testifies.

Robert, the fourth earl, was the most noted for his hospitable spirit, and the castle was always full to overflowing in these days, as many as a hundred guests sometimes staying there at a time, and provided with every amusement to be procured. Nothing pleased him more than to see people enjoying themselves in his demesne; the gates were always open to the public, a lodge especially devoted to the reception of picnic parties, and an inspection of the castle and beautiful gardens welcomed at all times. The domestics seem to have had a comfortable time of it too, in spite of so much company; the head cook, indeed, keeping his own dogcart, and taking a drive every afternoon, to fortify himself for his duties of the evening. Besides enormous kitchens, a tower was set apart for his use, each room being named after the special comestible to which it was devoted.

Mr. Sullivan, in his "New Ireland," quotes the following account of the lavish-hearted earl. "Lord Kingston did that which the wealthiest noblemen in England are far too slow to do. He invited to Mitchelstown, without distinction of rank or title, all who could derive enjoyment from it. 'If you are a scholar,' said he, 'you shall be conducted to scenes renowned in history; if you are a lover of the picturesque, you shall have a room commanding a dozen prospects; if you are a sportsman, the horse and hound invite you to follow them; or there are hills abounding with game, and streams alive with trout. Bring your gun, your pencil, or your book; you shall be equally welcomed and equally gratified. Come and visit me at Mitchelstown.' Those who were not equally favoured by fortune were not forgotten also. Just outside the park gates is a peaceful-looking square of picturesque and comfortable houses, standing in their pretty gardens. Here, through a perpetual benefaction, twenty-four reduced ladies and impoverished gentlemen (single) are provided with houses and a pension of £60 a year."

Another house famous for its hospitality was that of the well-known Mr. Matthew of, Thomastown, who, on by no means a large fortune, erected an establishment capable of containing forty guests. Here he was visited by Swift and Dr. Sheridan, who both extolled their agreeable host and comfortable quarters.

Wherever one goes in this interesting country the natives are always ready to relate legends of the saints who inhabited the ruined abbeys one meets at every turn; stories of the castles, of which sometimes only a few stones remain, and songs illustrating the deeds and glories of the past. Not very far from Blarney is Ardmore, with its round tower and ruined church, and one may listen to many curious tales of its patron saint, St. Declan. How it was he who built the tower, which would certainly have reached the skies if his operations had not been interrupted by an inquisitive old woman, which obliged the holy man to conclude his sacred work, not without punishing the old woman, however, whom he flung in righteous indignation to the top of the tower as a warning to her sex (and whose bones have

<sup>1</sup> History of Cork.

generally been seen by the father or grandmother of the narrator). And one may hear how rheumatic pains were cured by creeping three times beneath a St. Declan blessed stone—suitable prayers being repeated the while—and which said stone is reported to have floated from Rome, bearing the consecrated vestments of the saint and a bell for the tower.

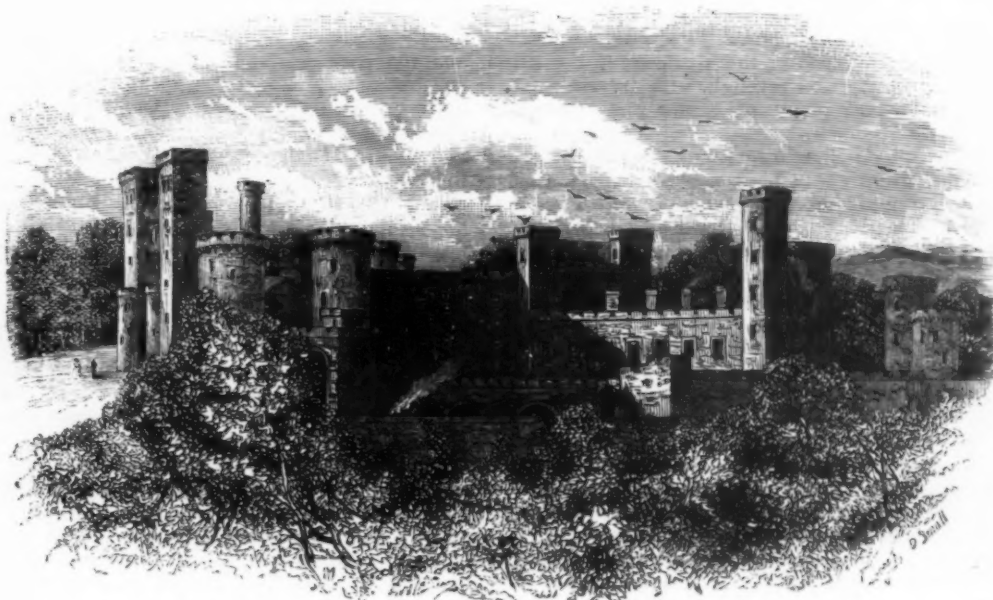
All this, and much more, may be listened to as the visitor lingers among these timeworn remains, and can wonder—in the superiority of his Saxon soul—how such an intelligent people can be so strangely credulous. Credulity is infectious, however, and we believe it was a gentleman of Saxon extraction who is reported to have so thoroughly believed in a legend connected with an old castle near where he lived, which was that its ruins would

light-hearted and humorous spirit, under circumstances which one would suppose to have quite a contrary effect. But, as we said before, everything depends on "the way in which you look at it."

"Oh! weep for the day we were forced from our cot,  
From our praties and milk and stirabout pot;  
When Judy kept everything piping and hot,  
So snug with the cat in the corner.

The pigs and the dogs and childre, aghra!  
Lay down on the floor, so dacent in straw;  
While the cocks and the hens were perched up a va,  
Just over the cat in the corner.

Our house was so tidily covered with thatch,  
It looked like a harlequin's coat, patch for patch;  
And the door opened nately by rising the latch  
With a fong that hung down in the corner.



MITCHELSTOWN CASTLE.

fall upon the wisest person in the world if he chanced to pass beneath, that nothing would induce him to approach them, and if obliged to ride along the road which led near them, always went at full gallop.

A little imagination goes a long way towards "garnishing" a homely life, and everything may be said to depend—not so much on the thing, as on the way which you look at it. A nature that can create happiness for itself with few outward adjuncts is much to be envied. Moore was thinking of the climate when he wrote—

"Erin, the smile and the tear in thine eyes  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies,"

but it applies equally to the character of the people—so quickly brought down to the depths of woe, so easily restored to their lighthearted carelessness. The following song illustrates this

A scythe was stuck here, and a raping hook there,  
And Paddy's shillelagh, the pride of the fair,  
Was placed in the chimney to sayson with care,  
Just over the cat in the corner.

Our window so clane, by an unlucky stroke,  
Had three of the purtiest panes in it broke;  
We fastened up two with the tail of a cloak,  
And the smoke went through one in the corner.

Our dresser was decked out in illigant style,  
The trenchers and noggins your heart would beguile;  
And the goose, she was hatching her eggs all the while,  
Right under them all in the corner.

Och! Paddy's the boy with a stick in his fist,  
With a spur on his head, and a bone in his wrist,  
And a straw round his hat—you must call it gold twist,  
Or he'll murder you all in the corner."

G. M. SYNGE.

## LEAVES FROM AN AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL.

### PART III.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE next morning nearly all the inhabitants of Shorgomendale appeared with a piece of green ribbon on some part of the dress; flags were flying, and all business suspended. "Why all this?" we asked. "St. Patrick's Day," was the reply. Our Queensland friends keep not only the usual holidays, but the Queen's birthday, the Prince of Wales's, St. George's, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's Days. Sports were improvised, and an energetic committee of two collected a prize list of over twenty pounds in a few minutes. The afternoon was very hot—quite 100° in the shade—but the list was faithfully carried through, with intervals for refreshment, and plenty of banter was indulged in.

The worthy police magistrate acted as judge. The final event was a hack race, distance rather over half a mile; there were some seven or eight entries. The race was well contested, being won by a head.

That same evening one of the most exciting events of our journey happened—viz., a snake-hunt. Just after supper one of the boarders noticed a snake outside the hotel verandah. It glided towards the hotel, and, though followed, was not seen to leave. There was a turn-out of some half-dozen people directly, the factotum of the place, a German (Fritz), coming up to the front. For a long time we could not find the reptile, but on moving some boxes of plants in front of one of the windows it was seen. After a little excitement, much talking, and many blows, the snake lay dead. It was a brown mulga, about three feet long, and said to be very venomous. I think every one went to bed with a greater feeling of security than if it had not been killed.

The day was wound up by a dance at the School of Art, at which all the fair sex of the village—I beg its pardon, township—attended. Dancing was carried out with some spirit till towards the small hours of the morning.

We were detained in the town two or three days by the state of the river, and then by fruitless efforts to get rid of our horses at a fair price. We had now reached the region of coaches, and were rather tired of riding and the intolerable nuisance of packing up after each camp. The stations round are chiefly cattle runs.

There was a large black camp outside the township, many of the blacks being employed for trifling duties by the people. We made a small collection of boomerangs and nulli-nullis here. Another curiosity we got was in the shape of a piece of *rain-stone*. This is a white, soft, fibrous sort of stone somewhat resembling sal-ammoniac, and is held in great repute by the blacks of this part.

#### JOURNEY BY MAIL COACH.

At the last station before crossing for Queensland into New South Wales, we sold our horses, as we found that we were able now to travel by a mail. After dinner we awaited the arrival of this expected conveyance, which, as usually happens when you want it particularly, was full; but, by dint of much squeezing and packing, all who wished to go forward contrived to get in. We had a flash team of five mules—a favourite number in coaching out here, most of the mail coaches being run by five horses—two polers, and three in the head. This team of mules was a very smart one, and the pace we went at was very great. Our coachman was an excellent whip; no one could have driven them better. We dashed through the scrub wherever the track was very sandy and heavy, brushing the bushes on one side with the ends of the swinger bars. The drive was a pretty one, through a low scrub, with here and there leopard and beef-wood trees towering up. We saw several crested pigeons, very pretty birds; also black magpies and grey jays. The pinch of the journey came at the end, when we had to cross the Paroo Creek. A few days before it had been over a mile wide, but had now gone down very much, leaving the track very soft and sticky; by good judgment our driver got us through all right, and a few minutes later we were at the hotel at Hungerford.

Hungerford is just on the borders of Queensland and New South Wales, and may possibly some day be a big place. At the time of our visit it consisted of two hotels, a post-office, a store, and about two or three houses. We put up at the hotel which was coach-office as well, glad to find that we should be able to get away by the coach leaving next morning for Wilcannia. The hotel accommodation was not of a very high order. We were able to get some very nice water-melons, thanks to the Chinese gardeners. The Chinamen are gardeners by instinct, and without their aid people in the bush townships would be badly off. They succeed in getting vegetables and fruit to grow where English people completely fail. Yet the Chinaman is not altogether a desirable acquisition; when only a few are about it is all right, but where many of them congregate the effect on the labour and money market is not beneficial. During the evening the mail came in from Wilcannia, and to this we transferred ourselves and our baggage. The coach for the first part of the journey was a Shanghai, capable of carrying four passengers and luggage. The commencement of the ride was very pretty, through country much the same as that passed the day before. We saw several kangaroos, the first we had seen since we struck the Streletski Creek. We were a merry party, and the



time passed pleasantly enough. Our first change of horses was at a station some ten miles on the road; here we put in four horses in place of the two we started with. About ten o'clock (we had started about 7.30 a.m.) we reached another station, and here, the owner wanting to answer a letter or two, invited us in to take some light refreshment, very acceptable after the long ride in the keen air.

Our next halt was at Tennaparje station, belonging to Messrs. Feehan and Company. Here we were all invited to take dinner with them. The station is the centre of a large run prettily situated on the Paroo Creek, then full of water. Some experiments in irrigation are being carried out here. After a stay of nearly two hours we essayed a start, but one of the horses played up; after a little bit of exciting work we got off with a dash, the whip stirring up the obstructionist in a lively way; when once warm to his work he settled down to the collar in right good style. We stopped for tea at a public-house in a newly-surveyed township of Winaaring.

Here we exchanged coaches, getting a large one in place of the Shanghai. We started just after dark, another jibber in the lead. We travelled on without much to break the journey till about midnight, when we had to wait some time at one of the changing-points, the fresh horses not being ready. We had to cross the Paroo again; at this place the water was up to the body of the coach, the grass on either side being level with the top of the coach, a coarse grass, at least ten feet high, showing the effects of the late rain. We finally put up for the night at a public-house, which we reached somewhere about three a.m. Our day's journey was some ninety-five miles.

The next morning was a grand one; we got away with a fair start about 8.30 a.m. We had to cross the Paroo again, and many times that day to cross large bodies of water. The grass was very high, the tall grass being coarse, with grand feed at the bottom. We saw plenty of birds—turkeys, emus, ducks, swans, native companions. These last are a large grey bird, with long legs and very long wings. They are always to be found near water, and very amusing they are to watch; they are scarcely ever still, and their movements are very grotesque. They seem to be always dancing. They are not often shot, being protected by law; but the flesh is very eatable. The first change was at Groompia station, a big sheep station, with enormous wool sheds and shearing arrangements. A little while after this we had to cross a large piece of flooded ground, and here we saw our first and only flock of wild swans—the Black Australian, with red beaks and white-tipped wings, so common now in all the public parks at home. There were twenty-seven of them; very pretty they looked spread out crescent-shaped, reminding one of a fleet of old-fashioned vessels riding at anchor. About two p.m. we came to Tonga Lake, which we had to cross; here a little management was required. All the luggage was piled up on the top of the coach and on the seats inside, the mails and everything taken out of the boot. The passengers, too, with the exception of

John Chinaman, who remained inside to steady the luggage, mounted on the roof or hung on behind. With a caution from the driver to restrain our mirth, as with so much topgear a capsize was not out of the question, the horses were driven into the lake. For a few yards or so it was shallow; then the water reached their girth; and then, for a few yards they had to swim. Then came a long pull with the water up to the points of their shoulders, the body of the coach full of water, some coming into the boot. We made a safe passage.

About four p.m. we started again, and had to cross about a mile of flooded ground, the water up to the horses' knees. After this the journey was comparatively devoid of incident, and we stopped for the night at Kircoomba public-house, which we reached about 10.30 p.m.

Next morning we did not make a very early start, and some trouble was necessary to rouse our coachman. Some eight miles on our way was a channel of some two hundred yards wide, covered with nearly two feet of water, with a boggy bottom. The driver was warned not to attempt to cross it, but as the detour to avoid it was nine miles, he determined to try it, and, as the end proved, we should have saved a lot of time by going the extra distance. Our start was unfortunate: within the first half-hour we broke a trace, a harness strap, and a rein. When we reached the channel, crack went the whip, and a few yards were safely got over, then the wheels began to drag; the horses were unable to pull, one of them lay down, and it was evident we were fairly in for it. Off went boots and socks, and trousers were rolled up, and the passengers and driver turned out. The water was up to the knees, the ground full of holes, so that several of our number fell clean down into the water. The mails and luggage were carried over to the opposite bank, and another attempt made was then to get the horses to pull us out. But by this time the off fore-wheel was down in the mud as far as the nave. After a lot of trouble and many mishaps, it was decided to take some wire from a wire fence which happened to run close by. Our only lady passenger was then carried on to *terra firma* by two of the strongest of our number—no easy task, as she was no feather weight; and all three were almost convulsed with laughter at the novelty of the situation. Four strands of wire were passed through the end of the pole, and some twenty yards from this the swingle-bars were attached and the horses yoked up. Here they got a footing. Leaving the driver to manage the horses, four of us went to the wheels, and, by acting in concert with the horses, overcame the obstruction, and once more the old coach was on dry land. Then we had to change clothes, as we were all wet up to our waists. A laughable incident occurred. The driver said he could only find one of his socks when getting up; but now, when changing, he found he had put both on to one foot.

Our troubles were not yet over. We picked up our lady passenger, who had walked on; and about an hour later one of the springs (a leather thoroughbrace) broke, and we had to supply its place with

the trunk of a leopard-tree, so that for the rest of the way we had a good jolting.

After that nothing of any moment occurred. The last stage was done in fast time by a splendid team of five bays, and we were not sorry to pull up at the post-office of Wilcannia about 8.30 p.m., nor to get a good square meal at O'Leary's Hotel, one of the best in the colonies.

#### MINES AT SILVERTON.

Several of the mines have turned out very rich ore and continue to do so. The value of some of the mines has gone up at a marvellous rate. An eighty-fourth share at Broken Hill was lately sold for £1500 (fifteen hundred pounds). The oldest mine on the field is the Umberumberka, which nestles in a very pretty gorge in the Barrier Range, just two miles from the township. Here some fifty men are employed. The main shaft is down over two hundred feet; machinery is already in position. The ore is of the kind known as grey ore, and consists of silver and lead; the output is from twenty to forty tons per week. The "Day Dream," the "Hen and Chickens," and the "Apollyon" are three mines lying close together, and belonging, with other claims, to a company known as the Barrier Ranges Association, the majority of whose members belong to Melbourne. The ores obtained from these have all been of a very high class. On the Hen and Chickens a smelting furnace is being erected, the results from which are eagerly looked for. There are over a hundred and fifty men employed here. Large stacks of ore lie on the surface, sufficient to supply the smelter for a long period. A fresh lode was opened up in making the foundations, and it is estimated that this new find will more than pay all the expense of erecting the furnace. All around there are numerous claims of greater or less value.

The situation of these is very good, the scenery being bold and fine. Continuing on past these claims, one gets to the township of Purnamoota. Here at present prospects are not very grand, though all around are claims, some of which are of a high value. The Day Dream is about ten miles from Silverton; Purnamoota some ten miles again beyond this. At the Apollyon I went down to the bottom of the main shaft, a distance of over two hundred feet, standing on the edge of the bucket, as the cage was not in use that day. The motion down was very easy, and I did not experience any of those dreadful sensations described by some. The Day Dream is worked by what is called an under-lie shaft, a cutting into the side of the hill. Down this one can walk easily.

The sensation mine of the field is the Broken Hill, so called from its irregular outline. The lode here is of immense size and very rich in parts. I have seen some of the ore, and magnificent stuff it is, but as I have not yet been out to see it I can say no more about it. The value of the claim was not fully known till a few weeks since, when one of the shareholders picked up a piece of stone from a reef, over which he and others had walked

frequently for weeks and months. On breaking and examining the stone he found it studded with crystals of chloride of silver, the most valuable form in which the metal is found. This lode is said to be easily traceable on the surface for some five miles of country. Should this turn out even half as well as is expected the owners are practically millionaires.

Another very important mine is the Puniacles. This is some seventy-four miles from Silverton. The Puniacles are three prominent peaks in a range of hills running north and south. The north Puniacle is the highest and finest, the middle the lowest, but the mining industry centres round the southern. About a mile separates the north and south peaks. There is an immense outcrop of ore here, the lode very wide. The workings at present resemble a quarry, the ore is too close to the surface. As they go down the ore improves in quality. A large smelting furnace is erected here capable of treating forty tons of ore a day, and sufficient ore is now raised to keep it going for months. About a hundred men are employed. The manager of this mine has contrived a small smelter which will reduce about half a ton. The experiments with this prove, beyond a doubt, the ease with which these ores can be treated.

I have merely described these few mines, as they form centres or *foci* in different quarters of the field, around which the smaller mines are congregated. There are many claims of importance which could be described, but the description would only weary the reader.

Silverton seemed to me to contain within it the seeds of future greatness.

#### GENERAL IDEA OF THE CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

The climate is essentially a dry one. The inevitable umbrella of our English life is scarcely needed. During a residence of some eighteen months in the colony I do not think I have carried one a score of times. The seasons are almost the exact reverse of those of our own country. The summer may be said to begin about the end of November, the hottest months being January and February. By the end of the latter month everything presents a very dry aspect; all the surface vegetation is dried up, the gums and other evergreen trees alone breaking the monotony of the scene. The intense white glare of the dust is trying in the extreme to sensitive eyes. About the middle of March we look for the rains, when a different aspect comes over the landscape. Ground previously bare as a road becomes clothed with green in an almost magical space of time. In the southern parts of South Australia, of which I am writing more particularly, the large amount of country under wheat then speedily shows signs of the coming crops. All through the bush the wattles burst out into a glorious golden bloom, and numerous small wild flowers are found in the scrub, nestling at the feet of the gums and flowering bushes. The prominent feature

of Australian plant life may be said to consist of its flowering shrubs.

As at home, there are two harvests—the hay and the wheat. The difference is this, green wheat and oats are cut for hay; no grass can be grown for such a purpose. Some six weeks after the hay harvest the corn is ready for reaping. Machines are greatly used by farmers; indeed, without them farming would be impracticable. Reaping, as understood at home, is not practised; a machine called a stripper is used. This consists of an iron box, or receiver, by which the ears of corn are gathered up after being cut off by other portions of the machine. Thus the ears only are taken or stripped off; the straw is left standing. In the majority of cases, at the close of the summer, this is burnt; in a few cases it is cut down for bedding for horses.

The winter is a mild one, commencing with the March rains. Occasionally it is very cold, but never beyond just causing a thin film of ice on the smaller pools of water.

As regards health, it may unhesitatingly be pronounced a healthy climate. The dry atmosphere is essentially suited to those disposed to chest complaints, with this exception: Persons with consumption in its *incipient* stages, or with milder forms of chronic bronchial affections, improve greatly in every way if they come out from home. Those born in the colony who develop consumption, as a rule, do so in its most rapidly fatal form—the kind known to the laity as “galloping consumption.” This has been a matter of observation by many, and I must admit that my own experience so far justifies its correctness. There is something peculiarly trying in the night air; this I experienced myself, as I was unable to sleep with my window open at night. If I did so I was sure to be troubled with a painful and irritable throat. The throat is a weak spot out here; not only is diphtheria very prevalent at certain seasons, but epidemic affections of a diphtheritic nature, but without the fatality attendant on the true disease, are common, as are also various forms of “ulcerated throat,” etc.

In other respects the climate is very enjoyable; there is something charming in the grand sunshine and the magnificent blue skies. People may rave about Italian skies and sun, but they cannot surpass, though they may equal, the lovely tints of Australia. The sunsets are often gorgeous in the extreme, and long after the sun has gone and darkness fallen the west is lovely with a deep orange-red tint. The twilight is brief—about half an hour's duration—but then the moonlight is wonderful. Now and again at home we get a marvellously clear moon, so bright that one can read by its light; but the exception at home is the rule here. Many and many a glorious canter and drive have I enjoyed out here by moonlight.

The stars are very fine, but in my opinion they do not equal those of the northern sky. Nothing have I yet seen to equal some of the nights at home, when the air, rarefied by frost, has made the stars appear double their size, and, looking up into the vault of heaven, one can easily imagine they are silver lamps suspended by unseen chains.

The great constellation of the southern hemisphere, the Southern Cross, is a very disappointing one, and but for Orion, which also graces the northern sky, the stars would be of little moment.

The sunrise is often magnificent. Both in the ordinary run of practice, and during my campings out, I have had ample opportunity of witnessing it. There is something very grand in the varied tints that precede the actual sunrise. Were they reduced to canvas people would in many instances declare them to be unreal. The water-colour sketches of sunsets and sunrise in Egypt and North Africa, such as are to be seen in the London exhibitions, appear unreal to those who have never witnessed them; but those who have beheld the scenes themselves know that the attempts undervalue rather than overdo the gorgeous effects.

#### WATER SUPPLY.

The great drawback to the country is the want of water. There are no grand rivers nor numerous purling streams, that lend such a charm to scenery. South Australia has practically one river—the Murray; there are small streams constantly running, but far too few in number. There are creeks in plenty—dry river-beds, with rocky and sandy bottoms, which become roaring torrents after a rainfall. Along the banks, and in the beds of these creeks, fine gum-trees grow; and from miles off you can trace their course by the line of green. These gums are great fellows for water, sending down and out their roots for almost incredible distances. The beds, as I mentioned before, are often very sandy. This sand is one of the protectors of the water-supply. It absorbs large quantities of water; and generally in a creek-bed, by sinking a few feet, a supply of water can be slowly obtained. Water obtained from this source is called “soakage water;” and, as the sand often contains clay as well—the combination forming an effective filter—the water obtained is generally drinkable. Of course, after any long dry period, no water is to be had even in this way.

Rain-water as a rule is carefully stored up. Squatters have great difficulty often in getting sufficient water for their stock. Large tanks or dams are sunk, the bottoms puddled to prevent leakage, wherever a good catchment exists. On sinking wells, as a rule, water is got, but very often unfit for human consumption—either brackish, or loaded with magnesia and other mineral matter. On the stations it often happens that the rain-water is their only potable water.

The stock are watered much in this manner. A well is sunk, and near it a tank of wood or stone is built; connected with the tank are troughs, which are kept fed from the tank by means of ball-taps. The water is usually raised by a whem—*i.e.*, a large cylinder revolving on a pivot, which acts as the barrel on which the rope is wound. The motive power is usually horse, sometimes bullock. The buckets, as a rule, hold from thirty-six to forty gallons, and are fitted with a valve at the bottom, which allows the water to enter.



Sometimes the barrel is tipped over into the flume feeding the tank, but usually it is swung on to a rest over the flume, and the valve at the bottom raised by a cord or rod, thus saving the exertion of tipping over, and saving the work of one man. These tanks serve as grand baths, the water, which is too brackish for drinking, being good for bath purposes. In some of the larger creeks there are water-holes, which rarely dry up; this is so on the Cooper, and at the time of our journey up the Streletski all the holes were full, some of which would last nearly two years. The country over which we travelled was looking so green and fertile that it was difficult to believe that two months previously everything was dry and bare. The losses on some of the runs by the two years' drought were enormous; in many cases the cattle and sheep had to be sent off the runs altogether to places where water could be got. Thus half the value of the present magnificent season has been lost. The stock has been so reduced by death that the runs have not a half, and in some cases not a quarter, of their carrying powers. There has been no time to restock the country. It is worthy of notice that on the cattle runs the bulls are amongst the first to die.

#### ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

The animal life of this vast continent is disappointing in the extreme. The wild animals are nearly all Marsupials. The kangaroo, the wallaby, the kangaroo-rat, are all of the same family—the same hare-like head, short forelegs, and long hind legs for leaping purposes, with the long tail that balances the body during jumping. If you can seize hold of the tail of a kangaroo it is almost powerless. If hunted by dogs, when unable to escape they will turn at bay, doing much mischief by their peculiar pawing use of their powerful hind legs; if near a water-hole they will endeavour to get the dog between their forepaws, and, hugging it to their breasts, will try to reach the water, where they hold their tormenter under the surface till drowned. The old dogs are very wary in tackling a kangaroo from the front; they always endeavour to get behind.

The wallaby is simply a miniature kangaroo in appearance, shape, colour, and in habits, with this exception, that whilst the larger animals are found on the flats and plains, the wallaby are found in the rocky ranges. Although both eatable, they are very little used for food. By their herbivorous habits they spoil the land for stock-feeding purposes, hence a royalty is given for the scalp of each kangaroo and wallaby delivered to the official appointed by Government to receive them. The kangaroo-rat, of the same species as the name implies, is only troublesome in parts.

The dingo, or wild dog, is the greatest enemy the squatters have—without considering the rabbits and hares, which are imported pests. It commits great havoc amongst the sheep and calves. In appearance it partakes somewhat of the fox, and the usual colour is a tawny yellow. The coat, however, varies much, and dingoes of

all kinds of colours may be seen. Were it to confine itself to killing simply for food purposes, but little harm would be done, but a spirit of wanton mischief and cruelty possesses these animals, and they kill and worry for mere pleasure. So destructive are they that a single dingo will kill fifty sheep in a night. In some parts a high value is put on them, and the price paid for dingo scalps by Government ranges from ten to thirty shillings, the station owners usually giving a bonus as well.

The birds are not particularly numerous and are not remarkable for song nor in many cases for beauty. The emu is the bird the most peculiar to the country. It is of less size than the ostrich, which it somewhat resembles especially in its omnivorous appetite. The feathers have no commercial value like those of the African ostrich. The eggs are about half the size and of a dark green colour, whilst those of the ostrich are white. In addition to emus we saw native companions and wild turkeys, both of which have been previously described.

There are numerous varieties of parrots and cockatoos. The plumage of some of the former is grand in the extreme, the brilliant greens and scarlets flashing in the sun, whilst they make the air resound with unmusical shrieks. The chief varieties of the cockatoos are the white, and the gillies, which have a mauve-coloured body and wings with a crest of a pale rose colour. Both kinds talk well if trained. One of the prettiest of these tribes is the cockatoo-parrot, a slim bird with a small head and crest, and plumage a mixture of yellow and slate. They whistle beautifully, and talk as well. There are magpies and crows wherever you go. There are several kinds of swallows. We saw also numerous pelicans, cormorants, cranes, ibises, wild geese, wild duck, and a large flock of black swans.

Insect life varies greatly in different parts, in the more settled parts of South Australia it is not very interesting; the chief butterfly is the "painted lady." In the northern parts and in Western Queensland the variety is much greater. Coleoptera, or beetle tribe, is well represented; some very pretty varieties were seen. There are numerous varieties of ants. In some parts they raise large hard mounds varying from six to eighteen inches high, forming quite a distinct feature of the landscape. In Shargomindah the number of insects is simply astonishing; at night they fly about in such crowds that it is difficult to keep a light going unless you burn some sort of smouldering herb as well. A very pretty insect we saw here was the "praying mantis," bright green body, slender wings and six legs; the two fore legs are constantly kept folded together, reminding one of the attitude used in prayer. Here, too, I saw a magnificent swallow-tailed butterfly. There was a sort of hornet we frequently saw of a bright yellow and black colour; it builds for itself a mud house against the walls of a dwelling-house, which looks like a miniature swallow's nest.

In some parts snakes are very common. The larger varieties are harmless, the chief being the carpet snake, a rather pretty reptile. The most

dangerous variety is the deaf adder, a small snake about two feet long, supposed to be deaf. It looks much like a small fallen tree-branch, and does not seem to hear any one approaching. If accidentally trodden on it turns round very quickly, inflicting a bite that is rapidly fatal. There are some other poisonous varieties. Although I have spent so much time in the bush and the colony, I have only seen two live snakes during the whole period, so that one's life is not much annoyed by them.

Centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas (large spiders), all exist, and give rise to very painful, inflamed swellings by their bites.

The habits of one class of caterpillar are very interesting. The one in question is hairy, like the "woolly bear," only grey in colour instead of the rich dark-brown of the English kind. All through the bush large cone-shaped cocoons are seen hanging from certain bushes. These are the nests of the caterpillar, and in which the grubs are kept till they reach a certain size. When on the ground these caterpillars travel in a long line, sometimes many yards in length, the head of the following one touching the hind parts of the caterpillar in front. Seen in this way, their appearance is considered a sign of fine weather. At sundown, or if wet is expected, they curl themselves up into a sort of ball under a low bush.

Of the plant-life of Australia it is impossible to speak minutely. The chief characteristics are the large evergreen-trees of the Eucalyptus tribe, the huge belts of scrub composed of flowering shrubs, such as the wattle, with a glorious yellow bloom, the bottle-brush-tree, various kinds of acacias, mallee, and other bushes. In other parts there are vast plains, with a dry, sandy soil, bearing only a low bush of three chief kinds. There is, first, the salt bush, which grows from a few inches to about eighteen in height, of a pale-green colour, and bearing small berries, a bush on which sheep feed readily, and in some parts horses. The blue bush is larger and stouter than the former, and of a peculiar blue tint, hence the name. It lasts longer than salt bush, so that in very dry seasons it becomes a valuable feed, but stock do not eat it unless compelled to do so. Less common than either of the foregoing, but most valuable as a food for horses, is the cotton-bush. Larger than either of the others, it is eagerly sought after by horses, and gives them the same hardy condition that horses fed on chaff reach. There is an absence of the green turf and waving grass-fields so pleasing to the eye at home; but after rain grass springs up here and there, and after very heavy rains you may occasionally see acres upon acres of grass that would make grand hay.

#### WATER-COOLERS.

The colonists have a very simple and effective

way of cooling water in summer, and without the dangers and unwholesomeness lurking in the too free use of ice. Canvas is the material used, and its porous nature is the means of its being of so much value. Bags of various shapes are made of this material, with handles for carrying, or in the shape of troughs for suspending under a verandah. When first filled they leak very much, but as soon as the canvas is fully saturated this stops, and the outside of the bag simply presents a damp appearance. The evaporation of this outside film causes the water inside to be beautifully cool, the actual loss being very trifling. The difference between the temperature of the air and that in the bag is usually about twenty degrees Fahrenheit, so that if the shade temperature be 90°, the water in the bag will be only 70°. At first it may seem that water at 70° would be mawkish, but you have only to try the difference between water in a bottle or jug and that from a canvas bag to fully realise the cooling effect. If the bag or trough is hung in a draught its greatest powers are shown, and after a very hot day I have found the water in a bag suspended to the branch of a tree so cold from the influence of the thorough draught as to make my teeth ache again. The introduction of these bags into English use during the summer would, I am sure, be a great boon to many of our artisan class—people who suffer from the effects of the summer without being able to cool their water with ice from the expense entailed. Publicans out here have very large bags behind their bars made of this material, with divisions in them, and in these they keep bottled ale and stout, ginger-ale, lemonade, etc., etc., so that if you want a cool teetotal drink you can have one, or if you want cold water with your grog, why, there it is—help yourself from the bag suspended in the fireplace. The bags mentioned can, I believe, be got from some of the ships' chandlers in the neighbourhood of the Docks. Any one with the least mechanical ingenuity can make one of the troughs. Simply an oblong wooden frame; to this the canvas can be nailed with copper nails, or sewn over, the size and depth being left to individual requirements.

#### BACK TO ADELAIDE.

The journey to Adelaide was not particularly eventful, — the scenery much the same, all the way through—flat sandy plain, covered with salt-bush and a low scrub. The point of interest on the road is Burke's Cave, a natural cave in a hill-side, which the exploring party used as a store-house and shelter for some months.

On reaching our destination my companion and I bid each other good-bye, well pleased to get back to civilisation again with sound limbs and good health, after an absence of just thirteen weeks.

## NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

### COSMICAL LIGHT AND THE MANUFACTURE OF LIGHT-WAVES.

THE somewhat startling experiments made by Herr Hertz for producing electro-magnetic waves in the ether have already been noticed in these pages.<sup>1</sup> The bearing of those experiments on the production of light-waves similar to those which reach us from natural cosmical sources—*e.g.*, the sun and the stars—will probably have struck many of our readers, and the question will now be asked, how far have the experiments succeeded in so ambitious, and, at first sight, so incredible a project? Granted that so dread a phenomenon as the lightning-spark of the thunder-cloud can be exactly reproduced on a smaller scale by artificial means, do we know enough of the primal forces of the universe, and of the medium through which light is believed to be propagated, to produce the kind of light that comes to us from the stellar spaces? Fortunately the answer up to a certain point, with evidence of a striking and almost invaluable character, has been given in Professor Oliver Lodge's recent lectures before the Society of Arts. This evidence may be briefly summarised.

The experiments start from the now well-known Maxwellian theory of light—*viz.*, that light is produced by electrical vibrations. Methods of measuring the velocity of light have long been known, and the result of those measurements is that light travels in free space or air at the rate of 300,000 kilometres per second. Experiments in the propagation of electrical radiation give just the same result. The two velocities agree in free space, and hence light and radiation are held to be identical. There is no recognisable difference in speed between waves several hundreds of miles long and waves so small that a hundred thousand of them can lie in an inch. But an important point is here to be noticed. It is not enough for the purpose of producing light that the velocity artificially produced shall be the same as that of natural light; the question of wave-length has to be further considered. It is only waves of a certain length that can excite in the human retina the sensation we call light. Some of the most important of Professor Lodge's experiments are those for creating waves of different lengths. The following are some of the results arrived at:

A condenser of a given capacity, discharging through a coil of self-induction one second, will give rise to ether waves 1,900 kilometres, or 1,200 miles long.

A common pint Leyden jar discharging through a pair of tongs may start a system of ether waves each not longer than about fifteen or twenty metres (a metre being about three English feet).

A tiny thimble-sized jar overflowing its edge may propagate waves only about two or three feet long.

(To produce ether waves one metre in length requires 300,000,000 oscillations per second.)

Continue the reduction of the wave-length still further, it appears that an electric circuit of a given size will give waves only twenty-five millionths of an inch in length.

These results approximate to something of atomic dimensions for the electric circuit, which suggest that those short ethereal waves which are able to affect the retina, and which we are accustomed to call "light," may be really excited by electrical oscillations or surgings in circuits of atomic dimensions.

There is thus believed to be ample justification for the Maxwellian theory of light. It is demonstrated that waves in all respects like light-waves except size—*i.e.*, transverse vibrations travelling at a certain pace through ether—can certainly be produced temporarily in practicable circuits by familiar and very simple means. Further, they *could* be produced of exactly the length proper to any given kind of light if only it were feasible to deal with circuits ultra-microscopic in size. But all human powers of producing the atomic wave seem impossible, and can hardly be hoped for. What is wanted is a certain range of oscillation, between 7,000 and 4,000 billion vibrations per second; no other is useful to us, because no other has any effect on our retina; but we do not know how to produce vibrations of this rate.

It will be seen that the investigations and experiments of such workers as Professor Oliver Lodge will be well worth watching in the future. It should be added that they have a value beyond the circle of pure science, the fact of light-waves being excited by electric oscillations having a practical bearing upon the better manufacture of light for ordinary industrial and social uses.

### A TARTAR INVASION OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

The zoological event of the year 1888, so far as regards the British Isles, is the "Tartar invasion"—the great immigration of Pallas's Sand Grouse, a native of the sandy steppes and deserts of Central Asia. Zoological invasions of Britain, which in these latter geologic days are confined to birds, butterflies, and other flying creatures, are too important, from a scientific point of view, to be neglected; shedding, as they do, some light on the phenomena of the geographical distribution of animals. The visit of the most characteristic of Mongolian birds has therefore been watched by British naturalists with keen interest. The first immigration of the kind, so far as is known, occurred in 1863; the second is that of the present year. Professor Newton, of Oxford, estimates that not less than 700 of the birds in question visited England in 1863. They extended themselves all over Great Britain, but were most numerous on the east coast, especially in Norfolk

<sup>1</sup> See "Leisure Hour" for November, p. 730.



and Suffolk. They were found from the Land's End, in Cornwall, to the Shetland and Faroe Islands. The present year's invasion of England seems to have begun in May, from the 15th to the 25th of that month. Mr. Harting recorded flocks as observed in Aberdeenshire, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Norfolk, Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Yorkshire, and Essex. Since those dates nearly every county has afforded records of the visitors, and in not a few cases the birds have nested and bred, the eggs having been discovered in several nests. In fact the immigrations would seem to be on a larger scale than that of 1863. The Sand Grouse is so interesting a bird, and so harmless in its habits hitherto, as to have led to a movement in England for its preservation and encouragement. It lives mainly on the seeds of weeds. Mr. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S., who has written a very timely pamphlet, entitled "*Pallas's Sand Grouse: its Natural History*," writes: "As a most useful and beautiful addition to our scanty stock of edible birds, I plead most earnestly for the preservation of the Sand Grouse. All ornithologists must wish for their preservation; no agriculturist, even in these hard times, would wish for the destruction of a species whose favourite food is the seeds of such troublesome weeds as goosefoot, saltwort, chickweed, rootgrass, docks, and similar plants."

It is remarkable that the second European immigration should have been predicted by Professor Newton twenty-five years ago, when he stated his opinion that, "unless some physical change occurs in the Tartar steppes, which may have the effect of relieving the pressure, another outpouring may be safely predicted, and probably the thrice-found channel will be again used by the emigrating population."

#### THE YEAR'S WORK ON THE "CANALS" OF MARS.

The year 1888 will be memorable among astronomers for the new observations which have been made of the so-called "canals" and other strange phenomena of the planet Mars. The return of the planet to "opposition" during the spring of the year again called attention to the peculiar changes which take place upon its surface, and to the network of dark lines, or "canals," with which, according to Professor Schiaparelli, its "continents," or brighter areas, are overspread. Although our English observers do not appear to be able to recognise that peculiar hard-and-sharp configuration which Professor Schiaparelli has ascribed to the "canals," yet several have detected markings corresponding more or less faithfully to some of them in general direction, if not in character. In a recent number of the "*Observatory*," Mr. E. W. Maunder, one of our well-known cautious and capable English astronomers, gives a useful summary of the telescopic work on Mars for 1888. M. Perrotin, at Nice, has not only observed the canals, but on several occasions has seen their "gemination," or doubling, as well. M. Perrotin's skill in observing, and his superb instrumental equipment, render his testimony of the highest order. On May 13th Professor Schiaparelli

was so fortunate as to detect, in the region to the north and west of the "Fontana-land" of Mr. Green's chart, a curious network of lines which he described as "*une espèce de triangulation*." On May 20th six canals were observed in the region of "Mädler Continent," and were seen so well that Professor Schiaparelli could make out "very small undulations on their banks, which could be distinguished one from the other." On June 2nd and 4th the definition was still better, and he writes: "The memorable days of 1879, 1880, and 1882, had returned for the first time, and at last I saw once more these prodigious images (the canals and their duplication) which appeared in the field of vision like an exquisite engraving upon steel relieved by all the magic of colour."

The discrepancy in the interpretation of these appearances has already been noticed.<sup>1</sup> A difficulty in accepting the quasi-terrestrial view of the condition of Mars, strong as are many of the arguments in its favour, is found in the marvellous "inundations" which would seem to be in continued progress on that planet. This very season M. Perrotin has observed the flooding—if the observation is to be so interpreted—of a district larger than France, and its partial recovery shortly after. The district in question is Schiaparelli's "Libya," the Hind Peninsula in Mr. Green's chart. Returning, however, to the question of the canals and the difficulty of resolving them into actual physical features, Mr. Maunder readily concedes Professor Schiaparelli's advantages in the way of keen and trained eyesight and telescopic and atmospheric definition, which he says are beyond challenge. Nevertheless, the puzzle has received no satisfactory solution. He is inclined to the late lamented Mr. Proctor's suggestion, that the canals of Mars are "optical products," neither objective realities nor optical illusions, but phenomena of diffraction. If the actual sketches made at the telescope on future occasions should themselves be published instead of the charts subsequently prepared from them, it will not be long before the present mystery of the Red Planet receives its solution.

#### THE APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY TO MINING IN 1888.

Dynamo-machines are now used at many pits for lighting the main roadways of collieries. The electric current has also been used for the purpose of shot-firing, notably at Ynyshir Colliery, Rhondda Valley, South Wales. All the shots are fired in this way simultaneously, with every man out of the pit, thus putting loss of life beyond possibility. The adoption of the electric lamp in place of the well-known ordinary safety-lamp finds increasing favour. There are several in the field, notably the Swan and Pitkin, using secondary batteries; and the Scharschieff, using a primary battery. Several colliery engineers in South Wales are practically testing them—Mr. G. W. Wilkinson, of Risca, has several hundreds in daily use. So satisfied is he with their action that an

<sup>1</sup> See "*Leisure Hour*" for November, p. 780.

order has been given for a further number. The applications of electricity to transmission of power are, at present, confined to a few collieries—in Great Britain to three only. On the Continent, underground haulage at Zaukeroda Colliery has been successfully and economically working since 1882, and also at Hohenzollern Colliery since 1884, the cost in each case being much less than that of horse-power.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SPECTROSCOPE.

Although science is indebted to the refracting glass prism for its earliest and best-known form of the spectroscope, another method of breaking up a ray of white light into its constituent parts, and of revealing the nature of the fuel which is glowing in the distant stars, continues to be cultivated with success. The rival implement is the "grating" spectroscope. It consists of a concave strip of metal, ruled with very finely incised lines, which act as a prism in decomposing the incident light. The beautiful iridescent colours we so much admire in a pearly nacreous shell are really

caused by the fine lines (visible with a lens) upon its surface. The prismatic spectra obtained by Professor Rowland are equally due to fine lines artificially incised upon metal. At the recent meeting of the British Association at Bath, Professor Rowland described his newly-made gratings. They are ruled on a concave spherical surface of speculum metal, and have 10,000 and 20,000 lines to the inch respectively. Their focal length is about twenty feet. The advantages of the concave gratings are that they bring the spectrum to a focus, and that the photograph of the spectrum they give is normal, having its lines separated by spaces proportional to the differences in their wave-lengths. Hence it is only necessary to determine one wave-length absolutely in order to know that of any line in the spectrum. Professor Rowland described the apparatus which he used for making photographic charts of metallic and other spectra, and exhibited some beautiful charts of parts of the solar spectrum. He stated that he has made an almost complete chart of the solar spectrum from the B line in the red to the ultra-violet, from observations obtained by the grating spectroscope.

### Varieties.

#### Attempt to Cross the Atlantic in a Small Boat.

It will be remembered that a daring and successful attempt to cross the Atlantic was made some years ago by two brothers—Andrews—from Boston. The little boat, the *Nautilus*, was exhibited at the Brighton Aquarium and other public places, and the log kept during the voyage was published in the first volume of the "Boy's Own Paper." The younger of the brothers Andrews is dead; but the elder, who kept the log on the former voyage, resolved to make the attempt alone, in a little craft called *The Dark Secret*.

From time to time tidings have been brought of the lonely voyager by ships or steamers which had hailed the little boat on the ocean. Captain Andrews refused help, but reported "all right" when nearly half across. The steamer *Germanic* brought the news from America that Captain Andrews had returned to America, and had, with his little boat, *The Dark Secret*, been brought to New York, on the 11th of September, on board the Norwegian barque *Nor*.

It may be remembered that the tiny craft sailed from Boston on the 18th June last for Queenstown, and, from particulars received, it appears that the daring mariner had travelled rather more than half way across the Atlantic before he consented to be picked up, which occurred on the 19th of August, by the vessel named. He was exactly sixty days at sea at the date mentioned. Captain Andrews' provisions were almost exhausted, and the hardships of the voyage told terribly on him. The bottom of his wee craft was encrusted with barnacles an inch long, and her outfit was worn out and used up. In the course of a narrative, Captain Andrews gave a long list of vessels that spoke him, and stated that, on the 10th of July, three monstrous sharks followed in his wake, and that he armed himself with his pistol. They turned away for a time; but the next day the sharks surrounded him again, till an approaching vessel frightened them off. On the 14th a dozen flying-fish left the water, and a tremendous whale came to the surface quite close on the 18th. He had been then a month out; it was blowing hard, and the boat was rocking badly, which made him quite ill all the day. He could eat nothing, and all his

clothes were getting too big for him. On the 20th sixty miles were logged, and on the 2nd and 3rd August two hundred miles were run, the craft being on her beam ends several times. Thirteen days later an iceberg was passed, and that night strange noises at the bottom of the boat caused him to watch. He saw a great white form approaching through the water; it proved to be an enormous blue dog-shark, belly uppermost. He seized his harpoon and sent it home, which made the monster move away. On the 18th he had to pump all day, and at all hours of the night, to keep his boat from sinking. The water was rushing in under his cork mattress. On Sunday, the 19th of August, the Norwegian ship *Nor*, bound to New York, hove in sight, and picked the boat and the occupant up in 39.50 west, and 56.18 north. Captain Andrews was dreadfully stiff and sore, but soon recovered.

**Austrian Expedition across Africa.**—Dr. Lenz, of Vienna, has returned after a successful journey across the "Dark Continent." He and his companion, Dr. Baumann, started in July, 1885, and returned in the early summer of 1888. The journey from the mouth of the Congo to the mouth of the Zambesi occupied seventeen months. Dr. Lenz's expedition was sent out under the auspices of the Vienna Geographical Society, the funds being obtained by subscription, to which the Emperor, the Imperial family, and other distinguished and eminent Austrians contributed. One of the objects of the expedition was, if possible, to obtain certain news of or to reach Dr. Junker and Emin Pasha, and to solve the perplexing problem of the hydrography of the region which lies between the Middle Congo and the Upper Nile branches. Neither of these tasks has Dr. Lenz been able to carry out, through no blame on his part. At the same time, he and his assistant, Dr. Baumann, have done good work, which will amply repay the outlay on the expedition. This is the ninth time that Africa has been crossed, so far as is known, by a white traveller. The previous expeditions were:—Livingstone, 1854-6 (Loanda to Quillimane), twenty months; Cameron, 1873-5 (Bagamoyo to Catembla), two

years and eight months; Stanley, 1874-7 (Bagamoyo to Banana), two years and nine months; Serpa Pinto, 1877-9 (Benguela to Durban), sixteen months; Wissman, 1881-2 (Loanda to Sadani), twenty-two months; Arnot, 1881-4 (Durban to Benguela), three years and three months; Capello and Ivens, 1884-5 (Mossamedes to Quillimane), fourteen months; Glerup, 1884-6 (Banana to Zanzibar), three years. Dr. Lenz might have performed his journey in a shorter time than even Capello and Ivens, had he not been delayed a considerable time on the Lower Congo and at Stanley Falls.

**Art Collections in Paris.**—It is expected that, owing to the great Exhibition of 1889, there will be numerous art collections on view next summer. Besides the regular Salon, there will be the fine art display at the Exhibition, a Breton historical art collection, a Salon des Refusés, organised by artists excluded from the official show, and a Government Exhibition of French Art in the Present Century. This last collection being retrospective, the Government want to collect the masterpieces of the French school which have gone abroad, especially to the United States. In this case the American Government would be asked to waive the duty on foreign works of art when the pictures are returned to their owners. Speaking of foreign pictures in the United States, it is asserted that no fewer than six hundred counterfeit old masters now hang in American private collections, all bought in Europe at high prices. If some of these come over, they may be recognised as the manufactures of Parisian artists, skilled as copyists of old paintings.

**American Trotters.**—A paper issued by the Agricultural Department deals with the subject of American fast trotting horses. The paper is compiled from the report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture for 1887. It is stated that the fast trotter is a peculiarly American production; but that the breed has sprung from Messenger, who was imported from Great Britain in 1788. Messenger was a grey horse, bred by John Platt, of Newmarket, by Manibrino, from daughter of Turf. There has been a constant tendency to accelerated speed since the breeding of trotters was first undertaken, but a grandson of Messenger trotted twenty miles within the hour—a feat that only six horses have accomplished. Taking the extreme speeds attained during the decades from 1820, it appears that the average have increased from 2min. 42sec. to the mile in 1820-30, to 2min. 11½sec. in 1880-7.

**Agricultural Statistics, 1887-1888.**—From the annual returns, published by the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, it appears that the acreage under wheat in 1886-7 amounted to 2,564,010 acres, against 2,317,324 acres a year previously, an increase of 246,686 acres, or about 10½ per cent. The increase on the acreage of 1888 is about 12½ per cent. The areas under barley and potatoes also show increases, at 2,085,474 acres and 290,123 acres respectively; but that in barley is trifling. On the other hand, the area under oats has continued to decrease, being only 2,882,223 acres, against 3,087,989 acres, showing a reduction of 205,766 acres, or 6½ per cent., and a further diminution in the acreage devoted to hops is also shown, though the diminution is not so great as in 1886-7. The acreage under hops is returned at 58,509. The return of live stock shows decreases in the numbers of all animals except pigs.

**Errata.**—On p. 89, line 3, for *Hanley* read *Flaxley*; and on line 4, for *brother* read *father*. On p. 661, for *Edwin* read *Edward* Barker, as author of the papers "In the Desert of the Lower Rhone."

**Industrial Villages.**—The third annual report of the society for promoting this movement contains a statement of the work done by the Society during the past year, and is crowded with interesting facts. Among the more prominent features of the Report we notice the growing interest which is being taken, far and wide, in the subject of staying the drift of our rural population into large towns, and gradually providing the means of escape from their crowded slums, by reviving and inaugurating village industries, especially by giving the agricultural population the means of raising subsistence for their families and themselves direct from the

land. The terrible revelations of the royal commission on housing the poor have received a ghastly confirmation in the facts continually coming before the public concerning the crimes and demoralisation caused by the state in which large masses of our urban populations are condemned to live. Yet the increasing testimony given to the capability of the soil of England for affording ample subsistence (reliable estimates give a much higher figure) to at least three times the number of persons now engaged in agriculture fully justifies the conclusions urged in the Report. The belief is spreading that provision needs to be made in the rural districts for rational recreation, refining culture, and local government—for organised village life in short. Much interest attaches to the evidence given that capital might be profitably employed in rural districts, both for improved methods of husbandry and for various handicraft industries, either in "home arts" or in village workshops and factories. We regret to see that the labours of this useful society are seriously hindered by lack of funds.

**Christianity in Japan.**—Count Inouye, late Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan, is a native of the town of Yamaguchi, in the Province of Seuvo, about twelve miles distant from the Inland Sea. In this town the Americans have established a great educational institute, with primary schools, a middle-class school, an agricultural college, normal schools for teachers of various branches, and other educational appliances. Many hundreds of Japanese young men are here trained by American professors and teachers. The Principal, the Rev. Dr. Beck, had held high posts in Michigan and in California. When he first was appointed to the schools in Japan, he opened a Bible-class in his own house, which was soon numerously attended. Not long ago Count Inouye visited his former home, and while in the city inspected the schools and addressed both teachers and pupils. To the astonishment of the most of his hearers, he said very emphatically that one of the great needs of Japan in the future is a new and better system of ethics. He declared the religions which have hitherto been taught in Japan were inadequate to furnish a basis for a truly prosperous people, and the adoption of the teachings of Christianity was the only remedy. He was much pleased to hear of Dr. Beck's Bible-class, and commended such instructions. He also proposed that a new building be erected expressly for Christian teaching. As might be expected, the visit of Count Inouye has produced a very marked change. The former prejudice and opposition seem to be largely removed and a spirit of candid inquiry has taken their place.

**Communication with Wrecked Vessels.**—Mr. Wilcox, of the Customs Department at Sunderland, has published the account of a simple method of sending a rope on board a wreck, by which a hawser with cradle could be attached. To throw a coil of rope against the wind, even at a short distance, is difficult; and a rocket apparatus is not always at hand. The contrivance of Mr. Wilcox is "a stout cane about two feet long, with a tapering leaden bolt at one end, and a hundred yards of strong whiplard at the other. Any man can throw such a thing forty or fifty yards against a strong wind, and much farther if with the wind. By the directions of the Board of Trade these articles have been supplied to many, if not to all, the coastguard stations, and my late valued friend, Captain Heard, R.N., told me shortly before his death that they had been found useful, particularly in effecting a communication between a wrecked vessel and the lifeboat, when rocks or other circumstances prevent the latter from going near enough to the wreck to save the crew."

**The Armada and Lord Howard of Effingham.**—The remains of Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England in 1588, lie buried in a vault in the parish church of Reigate, Surrey. There is no monument or memorial of any kind remaining in the edifice. The church suffered greatly during the civil war, so that if any memorial existed it probably perished at that time. Lord Howard's coffin bears the following inscription:—"Here lyeth the Body of Charles Howarde, Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of Englande, Generall of Queene Elizabeth's Navy Royall at Sea, against the Spanyards invinsable Navye, in the year of our Lorde, 1588, who departed this Life at Haling House, the 14th day of December, in the year



of our Lorde 1624. *Ætatis Suse 87.*" In the register book of burials of the parish of Reigate, Surrey, for the year 1624, is the following entry: "The 23rd day of December, at midnight was buried the Right Honourable Charles Earle of Nottingham."

**Compensation in Seasons.**—At the Glynde Harvest Home, in his annual address on agriculture, Lord Hampden (better known as Mr. Speaker Brand) said that, although the crops this year were uneven, there was a better average than had been expected, considering the bad weather. In some respects agriculturists were better off this year than last, notwithstanding the fine weather of 1887. Then his shepherd complained that there was nothing in the fields for the sheep to eat, while now they had so much they scarcely knew what to do with it. This applies to the Sussex Downs, at least.

**Salt Ring.**—Londoners, and the people of England everywhere, suffer from the commercial coal "rings, which attempt to rule the markets. An attempt to form a syndicate to raise the price of salt has been made, and might be successful but for the refusal of Mr. John Corbett, M.P., to join the ring. A correspondent of the "Standard" says that Mr. Corbett is the largest salt producer and salt manufacturer in the kingdom. His works equal in magnitude nearly all the other salt undertakings in England put together; and he, though repeatedly and urgently pressed to do so, has refused to join the salt syndicate. "So long as he holds to this refusal (and I have good reason for believing that it is his intention to hold to it) the syndicate could never 'rig the market' to any important extent."

**Earthquake in Tibet.**—News of the internal affairs of Tibet have seldom reached Europe, and the result of the present war with England, and of the scientific and military expedition from Russia, may make communication with the outer world more frequent. The terrible earthquake of April 11th, 1870, will long be remembered. On the evening of that day the town of Bathang was utterly destroyed, and more than half the population were buried in the ruins. A large Lamaserai, tenanted by 3,000 Lamas, Buddhist celibate monks, was engulfed in one vast chasm. Above 400 Buddhist priests, all the Government officials, fifty Chinese and Tibetan soldiers, and nearly 3,000 people perished. A fire broke out soon after, which continued to rage till the 23rd of April, burning up the dead and many living victims of those spared by the earthquake.

**Goths at Tunbridge Wells.**—The other day at Tunbridge Wells, asking the way to the Pantiles, the gaping inhabitant had never heard of such a place. Taking refuge in a shop, whose window showed some signs of civilisation, I was informed that the Pantiles now bore the name of the Parade! As if the name that satisfied Johnson and Goldsmith, Richardson and Fielding, Chatham and Chesterfield, were not good enough now! The local guide-books give very good historical notes about the old Pantiles. In Lord Macaulay's life, Mr. Charles Trevelyan tells how pleased he was to revisit Tunbridge Wells, and to tread once more the familiar brick pavement. Mr. G. A. Sala, in the "Daily Telegraph," more recently wrote an account of "A Journey to Tunbridge by Coach," one of those charming papers of English life and scenery which ought to be collected and reprinted.

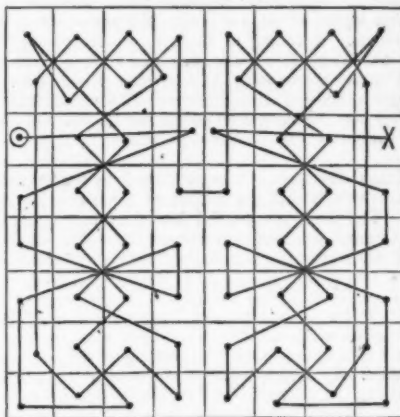
**Centenarian Pole.**—Lubicz Kurkowski, a Polish officer, lately died at Makoff at the age of 116 years. This is a case of centenarianism said to be authenticated beyond doubt. Born in 1772, Kurkowski fought as a private soldier under Kosciuszko, was an officer in the Polish Legion which went with Napoleon to Moscow, and greatly distinguished himself in the Polish insurrection of 1831, when he was already accounted a veteran. As a last survivor of the period when

Poland was an independent kingdom, Kurkowski's death has attracted great attention, and his funeral was attended by Polish gentlemen from all parts of Galicia. The walls of Cracow and Lemberg have been placarded with large black-bordered notices, announcing the venerable patriot's death and recounting his exploits.

**Petroleum Solidified for Use as Fuel.**—It is stated that Dr. Kauffmann, a Russian experimenter, has succeeded in solidifying petroleum, to be used as fuel, by heating it and mixing it with from one to three per cent. of soap. The latter dissolves in the oil, and the liquid in cooling forms a compact mass, having the appearance of cement and the consistence of tallow. The product is difficult to inflame, but when lighted burns slowly and without smoke, developing a high temperature, and leaving only two per cent. of a hard black residuum.

### Symmetrical Puzzle.

KEY TO NO. V.



Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries.  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born  
That read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—Sir Walter Scott.

### Astronomical Almanac for December.

1	S	☾ rises 7.47 A.M.	17	M	☾ rises 8.4 A.M.
2	S	ADVENT SUNDAY	18	T	Full ☾ 10.41 A.M.
3	M	New ☾ 10.6 A.M.	19	W	Daybreak 5.57 A.M.
4	T	Venus sets 6.19 P.M.	20	T	Orion S. 11.30 P.M.
5	W	Clock after ☾ 8m. 57s.	21	F	Mich. Law Sittings end
6	T	Mars sets 7.32 P.M.	22	S	Twilight ends 6.0 P.M.
7	F	Pegasus S 6.0 P.M.	23	S	4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT
8	S	☾ sets 3.49 P.M.	24	M	☾ sets 3.53 P.M.
9	S	1 SUNDAY IN ADVENT	25	T	CHRISTMAS DAY
10	M	☾ 1 Quarter 6.46 A.M.	26	W	Bank and Genl. Holiday
11	T	☾ rises 7.59 A.M.	27	T	☾ 3 Quarter 6.0 A.M.
12	W	Saturn rises 8.35 P.M.	28	F	☾ rises 8.3 A.M.
13	T	Aries S. 8.27 P.M.	29	S	Clock before ☾ 2m. 55s.
14	F	☾ sets 3.49 P.M.	30	S	☾ sets 3.56 P.M.
15	S	☾ greatest distance from ☽	31	M	SUN. AFTER CHRISTMAS
16	S	2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT			☾ least distance from ☽

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# Taylor Bros' Cocoa

HOMŒOPATHIC. "MARAVILLA." PURE CONDENSED.

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS BY GROCERS AND STOREKEEPERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE COLONIES.



"They fit perfectly and are far superior to all the other Corsets I have tried."  
(Signed) MARIE ROZE.

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**DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.**

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Exquisite model. Perfect comfort. Guaranteed wear.

Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset, No. 116," in oval.

**THREE GOLD MEDALS!!!**  
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.



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WHITE, SOUND  
TEETH, and  
HEALTHY GUMS TO  
OLD AGE.

Of all Chemists, &c.,  
in Pots, 1/6 & 2/6.



CAUTION.—Avoid injurious counterfeits.

The only Genuine bears **JEWSBURY & BROWN'S** Signature on the pot.

OVER 60 YEARS IN USE.

**BUMSTED'S**

St. King William St.  
LONDON, E.C.

As supplied to  
Her Majesty the Queen

**TABLE SALT.**

**BROWN & GREEN'S**

**"GEM"**

**COOKING STOVES.**

30 different sizes, great saving of Fuel, and bake splendidly. Price Lists free. Also

Kitcheners & Heating Stoves.

BROWN & GREEN, Lim., 69 & 71, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.



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PURE CREAM-COLOURED MUSLIN

(25 inches wide), washes well, useful for

**DRESSES,  
CURTAINS,  
BLINDS,  
DRAPERIES,  
SHADING, &c.,**

45 yds.  
for 6/6  
Free per Post  
On receipt of  
Postal Order.

90 yds. for 12/6  
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And in Colours much used for Decoration, Balls, Bazaars, Entertainments, &c. Beautiful Effects at a small cost. Novelties also in Useful and Fancy Fabrics for Dresses and Draperies.

PATTERNS AND PRICES POST FREE.

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BURNLEY WOOD  
MILLS, BURNLEY.

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Takes the place of corn flour, arrowroot, &c., which possess no flesh-forming constituents whatever. Florador is quite as palatable and more easily digested than any of these starchy compounds. It can be used in the same form and for the same purposes.

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**PEA SOUP** SEASONED AND FLAVOURED

Ready for the Table in a few minutes.

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*Is Absolutely Pure*

**JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS**  
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 THE PERFECTION OF TOUCH, TONE & DURABILITY  
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NO TAINT

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HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP cleanses everything. Invaluable for washing flannels and winter under-clothing. In parcels for family use, containing 6 or 12 packets; also in 14lb. and 28lb. boxes.—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*.  
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 It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not "repeat;" and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled bottles only at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 6s. Sold Everywhere.

**BYNIN, Liquid Malt**, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly-concentrated and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. BYNIN being liquid is entirely free from the inconvenient treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract; it is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, 1s. 9d.

To Secure  
**Reckitt's Blue**

*genuine, always see the name on the wrapper.*

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CLEVER RECIPES ARE GIVEN AWAY

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# POWDER

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Preserved

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Delicious

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